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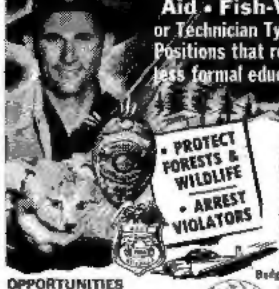

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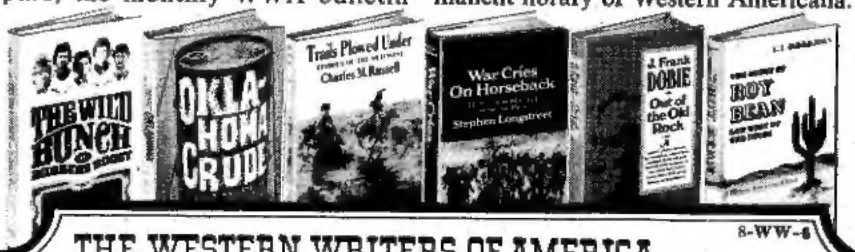

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SKY'S THE LIMIT?

THAT PHRASE always meant the same thing as excitement and happiness to me. Now, it doesn't mean excitement, happiness, or even that the sky *is* the limit—when it comes to this confounded inflation! Are we a nation of idiots? Have we lost our senses? Were we never very smart to begin with? Will this insane spiral of up, up, UP continue until the dollar is worth a copper cent—without the copper, that is?

You have never heard me talk like this before. NOBODY has ever heard me talk like this before. I *hate* defeatist talk and this sure isn't meant to be that. I just wish most of us would do a little gut talk and at least TRY to reverse the trend. Seems like most people are just drifting along, accepting constant jumps in prices, grumbling a little here and there but really doing nothing about it.

Perhaps people *can't*. That's a scary thought also. Maybe it will just sweep all of us along until you can't buy any magazine for less than $5.00 a copy (in which case you won't buy any magazines, for there won't be any left).

Well, I am being swept right along with the tide but I am at least screeching like a monkey with its tail caught in a crack while this is happening!

People who might think I am making all this noise to cover up having to raise newsstand cover rates from 50¢ to 60¢ are WRONG! In the first place, you can't cover up. Also, the magazine business is considerably different from most others. Clothing stores, for instance, do not carry advertisements in papers lamenting the fact that they have to go up on certain items. You just go there one month and buy a shirt for so much and the next time you notice the same shirt is several bucks higher. I am not saying this isn't necessary but *am* saying that the American people better start screaming their heads off and start doing something about this or we may wind up with holes in our drawers and empty bellies!

IN THE PAST, there haven't been many things that Americans, once we got together, couldn't work out one way or another. Maybe we still can—but not by walking along calmly to the slaughterhouse. I wish I knew the answers. One thing for sure, *we can stay after our politicians.* I've never known one yet that didn't get into action when his mail got heavy enough on a certain subject. Write them—write, write, WRITE. Write while you can still *afford* to send out a letter.

If all of us knew what is in the making, what is gradually creeping up on us, it would scare the warts off a longhorn steer! Let's talk about the postal services, for instance. I have just read an article in *The Wall Street Journal* and one in *Harper's.* If present postal plans are allowed to continue, magazines such as *American Legion* will receive an 800% boost in postage. Billy Graham's magazine, *Decision,* will get a 1400% boost! How can *any business* survive this sort of hike, which is merely one phase of its overall expenses? These articles predict that no less than 10,000 magazines and newspapers will cease publication because of insane postage rates.

Every day you see mention of a billion spent here; five billion spent there; the budget must run twenty to thirty billion over this year for certain reasons—finally the word "billion" gets to where it doesn't seem so big after all. Have you ever really stopped to think exactly how much money a billion dollars is? I am quoting from memory now, but this is mighty close: If you were to stack a million dollars in $1,000 bills, it would be approximately 8'3/4" high. If you would stack a billion dollars in $1,000 bills it would be as high as the Washington Monument! Think that one over for a moment.

I am wondering if we can't get a few less of these millions and billions spent as a whole, with those we do spend placed where they will do the most good. For instance, the post office department has always been subsidized until it was decided to make it a business—and even a profit-maker, if possible. That makes as much sense as taking our school system and deciding to make a profit from it.

I surely will admit that a great deal of trash could be eliminated from our mails. I wouldn't argue too much if somebody would tell me that what I publish could come under that term! However, magazines, newspapers, correspondence and various other types of postal matter most assuredly come under an informational and educational category. It is estimated it would take forty million dollars a year to subsidize the post office department and keep rates the way they are. I can't understand why forty million seems so big to our lawmakers when it comes to spending it on what I sincerely believe is a *good* cause, yet billions upon billions haven't seemed so much for causes that I think the majority of people wouldn't deem even *fairly* good and oftentimes blamed bad.

I have never been an old sorehead in my life. Fact is, people always have called me optimistic and cheerful. This is why it surprises me a little to make this kind of talk. However, I get so confounded aggravated when I think about the picture as a whole.

It is good for job holders to get higher wages. But how *long* is it good? It seems like a pupil in the fourth grade could reason this out easily. When corresponding price rises come along in food, transportation, clothes and everything else it takes to live *any* wage increase fades away pretty fast. I realize very few people seem to like the controls business, and that may not be the answer, but something has got to slow down this spiral somewhere along the line.

One thing we *can* do (and there are a lot of us who read these magazines!) and that is, again, write your senators, representatives, and the President himself. The President may not see these letters but when they stack up among his aides to where they can't get in their offices, *something* will be done. Tell your senators and representatives that your vote will depend entirely upon who works to clean up the postal mess, who works hardest to slow down inflation, and that you want to see *action* instead of *promises.*

I guess this sounds like a political speech and may not be appropriate for my type of writing but I keep on saying that if somebody doesn't start something and *continue* it, things are going to flat run away from us.

DID you read "No Wonder They Are Dying?" in the April issue of TRUE WEST? If not, *be sure* to let me know and I'll send you a copy of it. This has to do with the magazine business as a whole and tries to show you what will happen if we are forced to keep raising prices. This business is somewhat different, in that you can't raise the cover price or your advertising rate every other month. In fact, we depend so little on advertising that the rate hasn't been raised since 1967. We haven't gone out hard for advertising because we want to cram every word we can into every issue and give you your money's worth. Some of the older people say they have a little trouble reading our small type—and it would be easy (and less expensive) for us to use larger type—but you would be surprised at the number of pages in reading material it would eliminate! However, we will sure listen to your vote on this also.

(Continued on page 72)

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FRONTIER POST

Drumming Up Kin

I was very interested in the story, "The Most Surprised Man in Texas" by Jeff Burton in the March issue of FRONTIER TIMES.

My great-grandmother was Sarah Simpson Barber, born in North Carolina September 18, 1842. She was the daughter of Thomas Young Barber and Rebecca Moody Barber. Rebecca was approximately one-half Cherokee Indian; Sarah was one fourth, the same as the father of John Barber in the story. He and my grandmother Cordelia Jane Carinder Ripley were approximately one-eighth.

The story mentioned a brother, Joe Barber, and a sister, although it gives no name for her. She lived around Cisco.

Would appreciate hearing from any of their descendants or from Mr. Burton if he can add anything to the background of John Barber.—Ruth Hite Struble, Route 1, Box 220, Prairie Grove, Arkansas 72753

Small World

Referring to your story "Old Betsy" by John H. Conlin in your May issue, the picture of this story published on page 44 hit home, as I have this same picture.

My late father received this picture many years ago through the mail from a cousin who lived in Kansas at that time. My father said that one of the men pictured was his cousin. My father passed away thirty-six years ago and my memory is vague because at the time I just didn't care. Now that I've been doing our family history for the past twelve years, all the old pictures have some meaning to me.

Seems to me the man seated on the floor boards of the front seat is the one he pointed to. His last name would be either Burnett, Neely, or Winterstein. Neely and Winterstein married Burnett girls.

If anyone writes in telling of the picture and the names of the men, I would sure like to find out for my family records. I subscribe to your magazine and the first two articles I always read are Letters and Trails Grown Dim.—Howard G. Burnett, 2417 S. E. Ladd, Portland, Oregon 97214

☆

I read an article in the January 1973 issue about Talitha Wilson English. She said her family settled in Fannin County, Texas near Bonham in 1845. I suppose her maiden name was Wilson and that she married Mr. English after they moved to Fannin County. She did not give her husband's given name or the name of his father, or when they came to Texas, or where they came from.

My mother was Alice English. Her parents came to Fannin County from Mississippi in 1878. They settled at Bailey, near Bonham. My grandfather was Thomas Calvin English. He was called Uncle Tom. He was married to Elizabeth Watts on November 11, 1869. My great-grandfather was Lee English. My grandparents lived at Bailey for many years, then moved to Glen Rose, Texas. There were thirteen children. Two of the boys, Joe W. and Robert E. Lee, were Baptist preachers. All have died except two boys and one girl. Claud lives at Bonham, Jess at Dallas, and Mrs. Fannie Stone, at Bailey. I am the oldest

(Continued on page 50)

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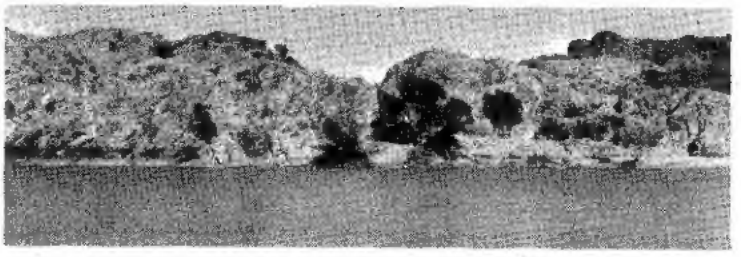
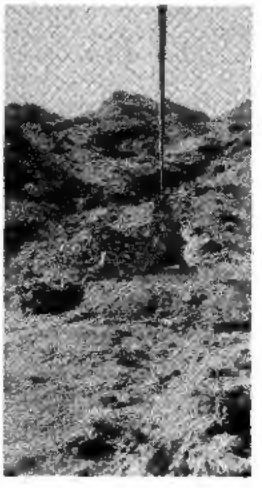
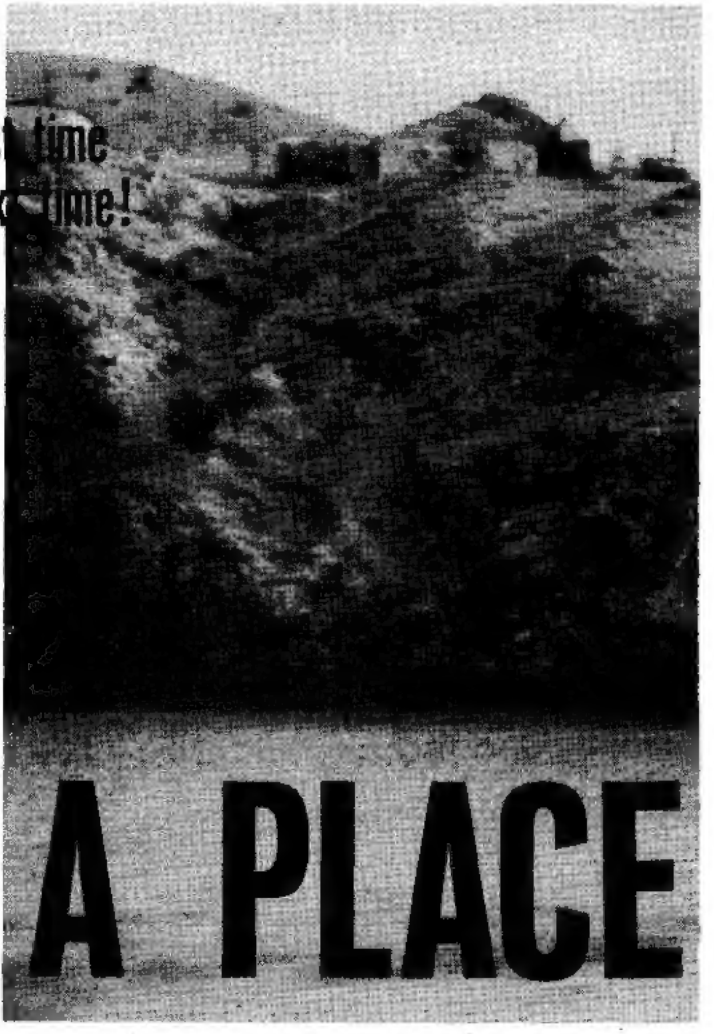
It was so isolated, so unreachable, you literally were forced to find it the first time so you could follow your own ruts the next time!







A PLACE

Opposite page: Topock, Arizona Gauging Station (photographed from the west bank) at the time the author's family lived there. Above: The river before construction of the gauge station. Right: Cable anchor A-frame on the west side of the river.

BY CHRISTINA KLOHR

Photos Courtesy Author

THE U. S. Geological Survey Gauging Station on the Colorado below Topock was a spirit-breaking exile for most engineers. The river took precedent over everything else. My husband accepted a job at Topock in July 1925—to the delight of an engineer there who had been trying desperately to be replaced.

Jim, our two children (Helen, three years old and Jimmy eighteen months), our big woolly dog Bouncer, and I vacationed in Flagstaff and then headed our new Dodge car west. In his early life Jim had been a cowboy and had ridden and packed many horses. He knew how much a horse could carry, but packing a car was something else. In those days a car could really be loaded. The running board was equipped with different colored cans, fitted into a rack; one for oil and extra gas (marked red), and a blue one for water. We had plenty of food, canned milk for the children, cots, bedrolls, coffeepot, Dutch oven, a medicine kit which we never went anywhere without, and all our belongings. We felt we could cope with any emergency.

On the back of the car was a special rack holding an extra tire. On top of this Jim had draped a beautiful six-point set of deer horns. Why we had not left them at Lee's Ferry, I will never figure out. The Dodge was carrying more than any car should, much less a brand new one.

We left the George McCormack home around noon and drove to Seligman before stopping for the night. Jim rented a "furnished" cabin, which wasn't much —a roof and four walls equipped with wood stove, home-made table and benches, an old iron bedstead with a dirty mattress, and an old rickety dresser with cracked mirror. Before we unpacked the car we made a thorough search for some little critters called bedbugs. If one got into my clean bedding, the family it would grow could be mighty hard to get rid of. Most cabins built of new lumber were well infested with bedbugs.

Rains came almost every day during the summer in the high country so this made the evening air quite cool and damp. As we prepared our evening meal, the fire in the wood stove was cheerful and comfortable. I am glad my memory can dwell on the joys and comforts of the old wood stoves and the cheery fireplaces, the crackle of the fire in the morning, feeling the first heat as it came slowly from the stove, the filled teakettle, the old coffeepot with its black bottom. Mingled smells of cooking food and burning wood were good together.

When we arrived in Kingman the next day the town was sizzling in 114 degrees of heat. Jim stopped the car in the shade of a big tree. We decided to wait until the sun was down and we would be more comfortable on our way to the Colorado River and a place called Topock. Bouncer was the most uncomfortable of all; even though Jim wet him to his skin and wet his canvas, he still panted from the heat. Mercifully, we did not know what lay ahead.

HIGHWAY 66 was little more than a cowtrail and, leaving Kingman, the road was very rough. The car would have bounced even more if it had not been so heavily loaded. Jim did well to guide it in the dust-filled washboardy ruts while we all held on for dear life.

We reached the top of Oatman Hill after dark and started down, passing through the mining town of Gold Roads and on to Oatman. The mines were working and people were moving about in the

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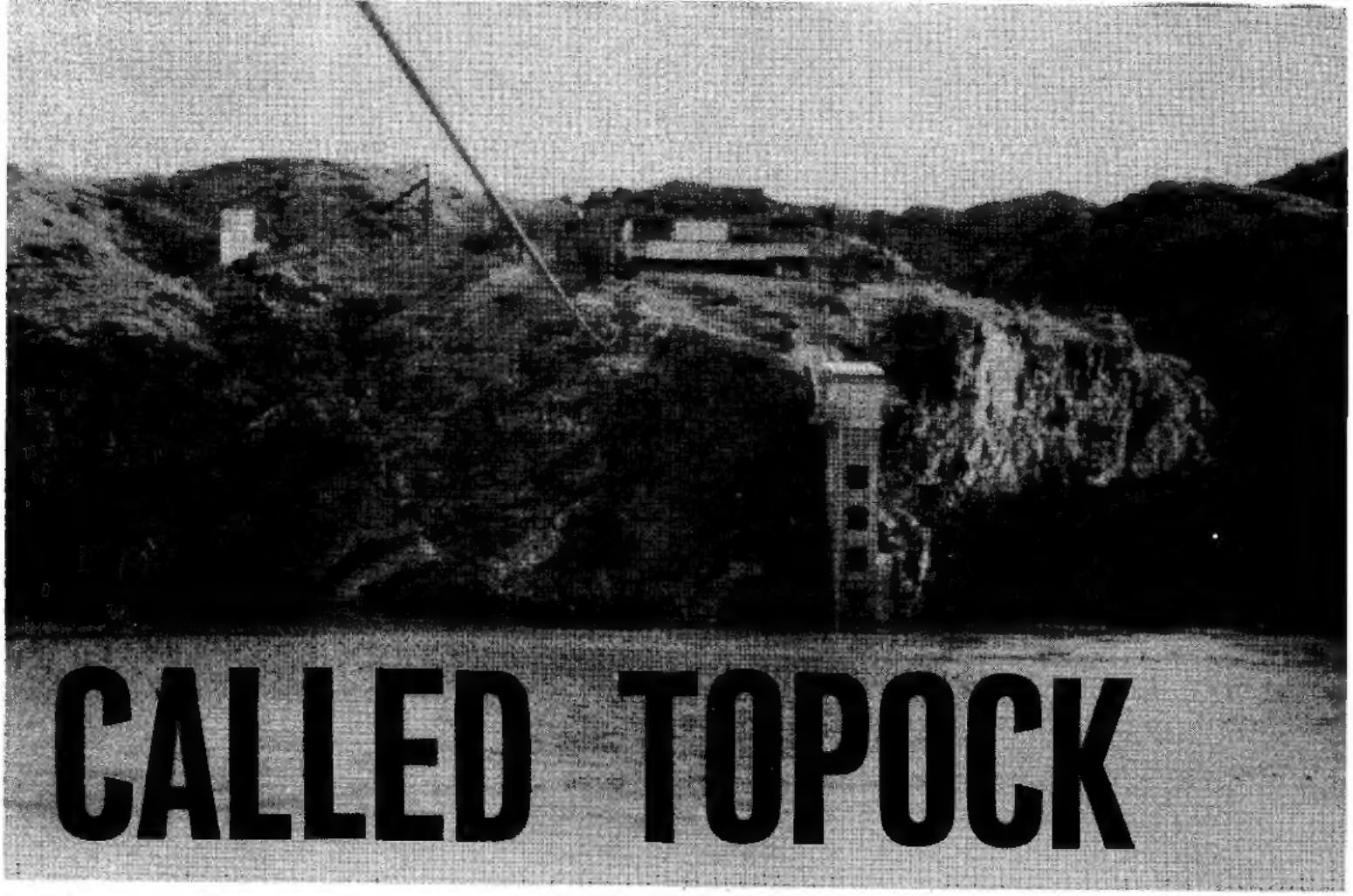


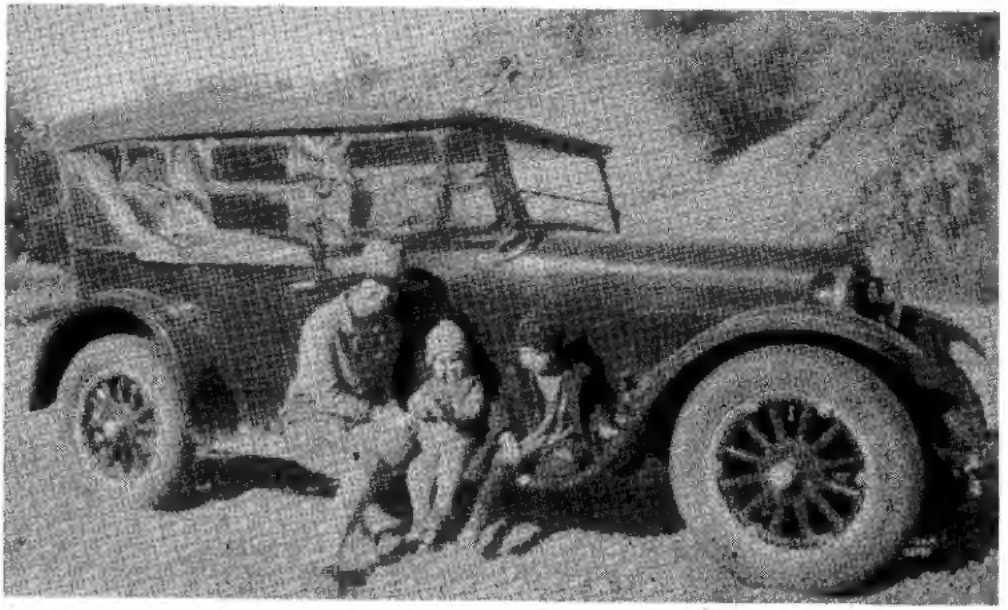
CALLED TOPOCK

dim light doing their shopping in the cool of the evening. Jim took the dog out and again wet him with a canteen of water. The rest of us enjoyed a cold pop, and then we were ready to start down into the valley below. The narrow winding road was hard to follow, so progress was slow. As we traveled down, the air became hotter; we had a feeling we were entering a valley of fire.

At last Jim guided the car out of a sandy wash and we saw dim lights ahead. We crossed the railroad track near the depot and joined other campers on a flat above the river. The sliver of a moon was little help in finding a camping place, but we managed with the help of the car's headlights.

Bouncer was on top of the load in the back, so he came out first. We all shared in his discomfort. The children were asleep, Jimmie on my lap and Helen on the front seat between Jim and me. When the cots were set up, I covered the children with a damp sheet but this didn't help for long. The desert wind was blowing so hot one's skin felt as if it could

Left: The house as the young family first knew it. Later an L-shaped screen porch was added. The shale hill in right foreground is the one mentioned in the story. Right: Christina, Jimmy, and Helen rest a moment on the running board while on a wood-gathering trip.



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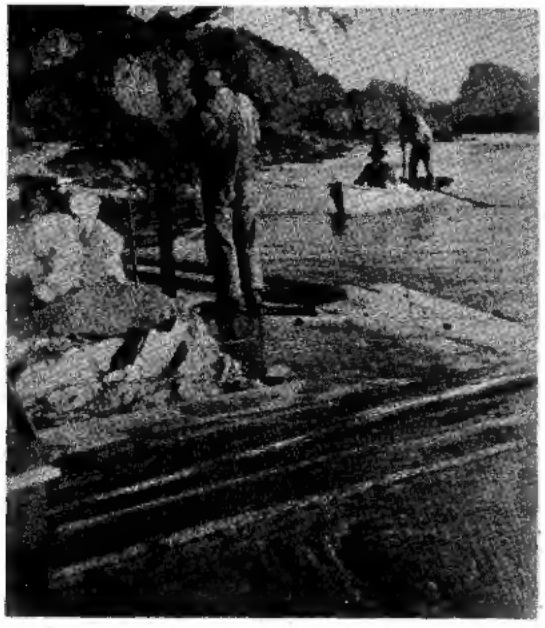
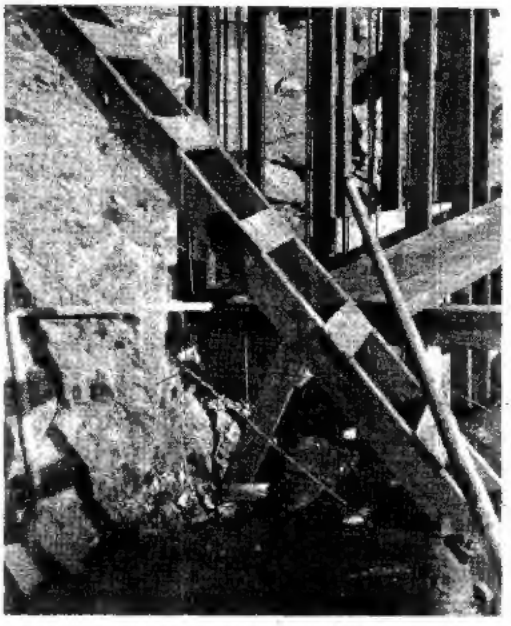
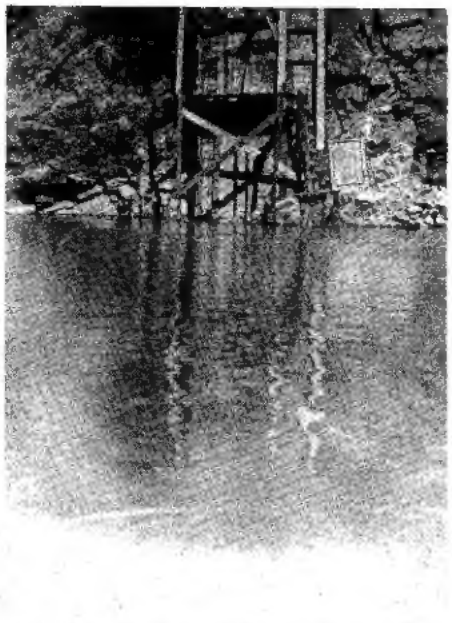

Left to right: After the 1922 spring run-off, construction begins on the U. S. G. S. Station gauge well, located on the Colorado River eight miles below the bridge at Topock. Bottom of gauge well with steel rods and cribbing, before concrete was poured. Taken from a boat, frame for concrete approximately half completed.

blister. The sheet would become dry but the person underneath felt as if he were in a Turkish bath. We had never experienced anything like it, and it was near midnight.

Even though the service station and store were closed, cars rattled across the bridge all night, some coming from and some going to the Promised Land of California. More than once we heard cars coming in on their rims, trying to reach a service station without too much damage. Between the heat and the pounding on the washboardy road, bumping from rut to rut, a tire had a short life. The gas stations did a big business fixing flats. Lucky was the traveler who went any distance without some kind of tire trouble. We had been fortunate not to have had a blowout; however, we still had eight miles to go down a sandy wash, over a road we could hardly see as it wound its way to the U. S. Geological Survey Gauging Station on the river below Topock. But our luck held.

Neither Jim nor I slept much that night. The picture of a dim young moon being pushed out of sight in the heavens by a ball of yellow fire will be one of the last things to be erased from my memory. Heat rays were dancing across the earth from the day before as the giant ball of fire climbed out of the earth, and it seemed to linger on the horizon as if to give those who wished, a chance to run away and hide. Only there was no place to go. The campers had been restless all night, and with the dawn they began to prepare for the day ahead. Children cried from the discomfort of the heat, and mothers fixed food as quickly as possible as dust floated and hung in the air. Flies swarmed, and even they had dust on their wings.

Men waited to buy gas, to get flats fixed, and to get supplies to move on to the next town. Needles was the first town in California, and Oatman was the first place in Arizona, both across some very hot and dry desert.

A large shade, made from willows hauled from the riverbank, was a refuge for the traveler during the day. A water faucet, and two dirty tables swarming with flies, graced the shade, but crude as it was many people found comfort there after the long drive from either Arizona or California.

Jim folded the cots, cooled the dog and put him in his place, filled the water bags and canteens with fresh water, and we took off down the dim road which led to our new home. The car was put into low gear to pull the load, and as it settled into the soft gravel Jim knew he would have to keep the wheels turning or we would be stuck. A trail of dust rose from the wheels and drifted lazily back to earth.

After executing eight miles of sharp curves, we came to a very steep hill. Jim wondered if we could make it with the load we had. However the car had plenty of power and all at once we reached the top—and then we looked down. There we saw the new station sitting on a high rock bluff, with the whirling Colorado River below and nothing between. I am sure that at that moment we both thought of the two children and made a vow never to allow them out of our sight, and this vow we kept.

OUR FRIEND, D. A. Dudley, the engineer who had built the station, was still asleep, and he was much surprised at our early arrival. However, ours was a warm welcome because there was never a fellow more anxious to leave a place than Dudley was to leave Topock. He was to be married, and had spent many months there building the station. All the material had been brought down the river in boats by the Mohave Indians, whose reservation was across the river from Needles. That was no easy job. The road we had just come over had been built later—if one could call it a road—and before, all supplies were back-packed in or brought down by boat.

The car had to be left on top of the hill and all our belongings carried down the trail to the dwelling. Jim and Dudley made a number of trips just getting the necessary things for the children. The dog with his long black hair was very miserable, and he got a haircut as soon as Jim could find the time. But at a U.S.G.S. gauging station, the river came first— to get the best record one could of the amount of water passing through the gauge well. The river was either rising or it was falling. When falling, the gauge well had to be watched very carefully, so as not to let the mud stop the free swing of the float which kept the pencil drawing as the water surged up and

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Left to right: Distant view showing top of the gauge well frame and boardwalk bridge which workers used in getting to it. A shot of a worker on the bridge, closer to the well gauge. Looking east, the completed well gauge, showing cable anchor (arrow) sunk in the rock cliff.

down. I have heard Dudley say that sometime he would like to start a school for engineers, give them a pick, a shovel, and gauge well full of mud, so they would know what it was like to really be an engineer.

Dudley and Jim went down another trail to the gauge well on the side of the cliff and spent some time in the well. A report was telephoned to the railroad station master at eight o'clock every morning. He in turn sent telegrams of the river record to the office in Tucson and to Yuma. At least we had one modern contraption, a telephone. At Lee's Ferry we had received mail once a month and had gone to Flagstaff once a month, so a telephone was an improvement in communication.

As soon as the report was in, the men went out on the cable to measure the river. The cable car was just a few feet from the door, so at least Jim would not have to walk a couple of miles and pack his equipment on his back up a rope ladder after he reached the cable car.

Measuring the river was never too easy. The meter used was a delicate instrument and its care had to be considered at all times. Depending on the river, the meter was placed on a line weighted with either a fifty- or a hundred-pound weight. The cable car rolled from station to station. Often when one was ready to record from the meter down to the water, drift (floating mostly under the water) would cause the meter to have to be hauled up to wait for the drift to pass. It took a strong back and arms to handle the cable car and roll the meter up and down for the recording of a measurement. This was done every day.

The first crumb the children dropped, I discovered that ants came by the dozens —and small children drop crumbs no matter how careful one is, so that was my first problem.

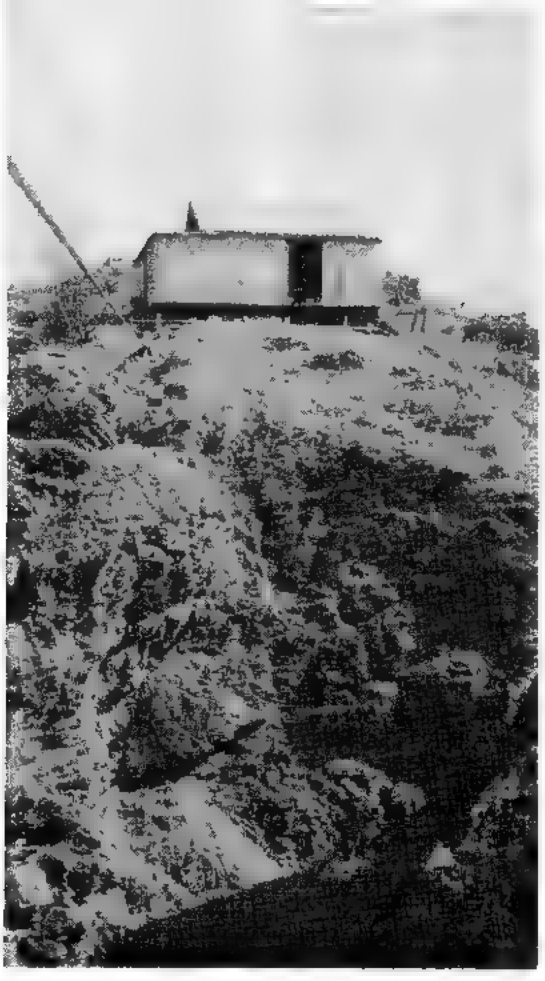
As I went about unpacking, I took large washcloths and a pan of water and set the children on the floor of the one room to play and every now and then I would take a cloth and wet my face and arms. There was no electricity or icebox. We were fifty miles from Kingman and twenty miles from Needles. The station was not far from the Needles Peaks. It would have been hard to get ice even if we had something to hold it. Outside a window, on the east side of the one solid room, was a desert cooler. This was built by putting burlap over a frame. A specially built pan was placed on top to hold water, wool cloths placed in the pan and over the burlap to siphon down the water, and this evaporation kept food cool. A hose suspended about a foot above the pan dripped water at a rate to keep it all operating. Once the wind blew a string up into the hose and it rested on the cooler pan. All the food in the cooler had to be thrown away—ants swarmed by the millions. They dearly love butter and bacon. One loss like this and I learned to check and be careful.

Though the car had to be left on the hill, a garage had been built and also a tent house nearby to house any guest we might have. About half-way down the hill was the privy. It had been placed there because there was no other place to put it. The ground was rocky shale, and all the flat places had been man-made with a pick and shovel. The privy was in a convenient place, even if it was conspicuous. I am sure that anyone coming down the trail for the first time wondered why it was there.

WHEN the men came off the cable on the first day at that fine new station, my Jim was sick. Between the heat, little sleep, and helping roll the weight up and down the many times necessary to take the measurement, Jim was exhausted. I had never seen him so ill before. He never complained; still I was scared. It was miles in either direction to a doctor. One would never come to the station anyway, and for sure Jim could not go to him in such heat.

Around the one room was built a screen porch. On the south end the screen extended to the floor. A breeze blew through that section and we hung our water bags and canteens there to keep cool. I wet the floor and spread a quilt over the wet spot and Jim lay down. I soaked some towels and put them around his head and part of his body, and then gave him some coffee. I knew nothing about how to treat a person overcome with heat, but later I learned that this was about as good as one could do.

How long Dudley stayed I do not remember, but he carried on the work until Jim was able to take over. Jim didn't go



Left: Looking east, the house as its building progressed. Above, top: This cabin at the Topock Post Office, where the bridge crossed en route to California, was a facsimile of the guest house on the hill. Bottom: Another view of the house looking southwest; the river appears quite high.

out on the cable for several days, but he did do a lot of figuring. Once when the men were talking I heard Jim say, "Dudley, if I hadn't just bought that new car I would go right on down the road."

Dudley's disturbed answer was, "For goodness sake, Jim, if you are thinking of doing a thing like that, at least let me get away first!"

I smiled to myself at their conversation. Dudley left in a few days, and the next thing we heard he was married. In the three years we were there, he never did return to the U.S.G.S. Station at Topock.

Keeping cool water was a big job. The law of the desert was that when one emptied a canteen or a water bag, that person was to refill it right away. To do otherwise meant that he was either lazy, or a tenderfoot who had better catch on quick. At night one made sure the bags and canteens were full so the water would be cool the next day. This I took to be one of my household duties, but filling a water bag or canteen when it was empty was still the job of the one who had emptied it.

One thing there was plenty of was water. A well had been sunk back from the river, and a pump with a gasoline engine pushed the water into a galvanized tank on top of the hill above the house. This gave gravity flow into the house, so we had a sink and hot and cold running water—hot water in summer and cold in winter.

In the summer the water I drew to do dishes was let sit a while to cool—and I like very hot water to do my dishes! (This story came to us after we left Topock: W. E. Dickenson, head of the district, visited the station and decided to shower in the heat of the day. He let out a yell when the water hit him and he shut it off quick. He then held a thermometer under the water and it showed 116 degrees. I had tried to warn him before about the water.)

The house was one large room with a desk and drawers built across one side. This was Jim's office as well as our dwelling. The upper side of the house had been built solid into the shale hill, but the lower side was set on stilts almost as high as a man's head. Along the river side was the sleeping part of the L-shaped screened porch. In the corner were benches to sit on while eating. The kitchen and shower part of the house were also built into the shale ground and extended out a good six feet, but the dining corner was set on stilts. The only door we had was built so one could step out on solid ground, but the hill dropped off sharply and it was with care that one went in and out. Another door was built out to the end of the sleeping quarters with steps leading down to the ground, but we had closed this for all time, on account of the children. And as I have said before, everything we used had to be brought down the trail from the top of the hill.

SO our life began, eight miles down a wash from the bridge which crosses the Colorado River at the place called Topock. We were just beginning to find our way up and down the trail when a letter came from Jim's brother Walter, who lived in Illinois. He said he was bringing Jim's father, mother, his wife and his little girl to California for a vacation and that they would stop with us for a week or so. To say the least, Jim and I were certainly not ready for company. However, Jim answered by return mail and said we would be expecting them and I added a paragraph saying that we might just find a gold mine around the Needles Peaks with a little luck.

Jim and I had been married for eight years but I had never met any of his folks except one brother who had visited us in the oil fields of Texas after Jim had received his discharge from the Cavalry in the spring of 1919. We had come to Arizona to find a homestead after failing to make our first million in the oil fields. We were used to camp life, but for folks with comfortable homes who knew nothing of inconvenience—well, I had some misgivings.

One thing life had taught me in my young years was to make the best of any situation without fretting; so when the telephone rang at ten o'clock in the evening about three days before we were expecting our visitors, I didn't even bat an eye. Jim's brother announced with great gusto that they were in Topock and asked, "How do we get down there?"

Jim, knowing they could never find their way down the dim road said, "I will come right up and show you." The disturbed look on Jim's face as he hung up the phone showed me he was happy to have his folks, but wondered what in the world we were going to do with them all.

Our children were in bed sleeping peacefully, so I lit another lantern and with the dog already ahead of me at the top of the trail, I went to the guest tent

On top of the hill Christina, Jimmy, and Helen pose with the family car. The garage was just in front of the car, and guest cabin to the left.

and fixed three beds, one for each of the men. Jim had left a lantern hanging in front of the garage, so the dog and I returned to the house where Bouncer kept wagging his tail and getting in my way as I made beds for Jessie, my sister-in-law, and her little girl Betty, in the main room of the house. Mother Klohr could bunk with me on the screened porch.

All of these preparations were finished with time to spare before I heard the motors of the cars grinding up the long steep hill, out of the wash. As the cars swung around on the top of the hill, their lights shone down the trail and on the little house that was our home. I climbed up, with lantern in hand, to greet my in-laws. There was plenty of confusion with greetings, and getting them all down the hill by the flickering light. Inside, Jim managed to give me a look of gratitude for having the beds fixed to give his folks a place to sleep and rest after so long a trip.

Walter was proud of the fast time he had made in his new car. Illinois was a long way and he was at least three days ahead of schedule. Our children were roused by all the noise and were a little startled to suddenly meet their grandparents, an uncle, aunt, and cousin. Jim was proud to show them off, and Bouncer came in for his share of attention.

AT LAST the men went up to their bunks, and we women began to make ready for bed. Mother Klohr opened her suitcase and let out a startled yell. I turned to see what was wrong, thinking she had seen a spider or a scorpion, when to my surprise, there on top of her clothes in her suitcase was a Gila monster about eight inches long. Jim heard the yell and came running; one look and he had the situation in hand. He took a large fruit jar from the cupboard and slid the Gila monster into it and went back up the hill once again. We never knew how that little beast got into Mother Klohr's suitcase, because she hadn't opened it since they visited friends in New Mexico on their way to our place.

Jim was an expert camp cook, and sourdough bread and hotcakes were his specialty. So when he started to stir hotcakes, boil coffee, and fry bacon, I busied myself elsewhere. Soon he had his folks sitting around the table, and while he talked and they visited, he proved himself with a spatula and coffeepot.

In order to keep the ants off the table, Jim had placed each of the table legs in a large can half filled with kerosene. These things we were getting used to, but his folks must have found it a little odd and like nothing they had ever seen. However, Jim made no excuses and neither did I. I am sure that Jim thought they could take a little of what we were living with all the time.

Jim's breakfast was the best ever. He kept all their cups filled with coffee from the pot which he set on the floor at the end of the table. Just being together was great for us all. (Jessie talked about this trip for the rest of her life.) When I think back now, I wonder how Jim kept the stove under control. It was a regular monster if one did not know how to keep it regulated. First, you took a can with a long spout and poured gas into the burners, and after they were hot, then you turned in the kerosene. Many is the time the children and I took to the yard while Jim waited with a blanket, ready to smother the flames if they went too high. I do not remember this happening even once, though, while Jim's folks were there.

The day they left, we drove as far as Needles with them. There were no paved roads to California, and our cars bounced along over the washboardy road leaving a trail of dust to be blown away by the wind. After twenty miles of this we arrived in Needles. We were hungry, but when Jim started into a Chinese cafe, Jessie balked. She had read somewhere that the Chinese cooked just about anything, even fat rats, and she refused to go inside. Jim, however, convinced her that the cafe served the best steaks in town, and to a cowpoke like Jim there was only one part to a cow—a juicy steak. I still remember how the nine of us lingered around the table, they hating to go and we sorry their visit was ending. There was a tearful goodbye, and I had never seen Jim cry before.

They headed their car on to California while the children, Jim, and I returned to the station where Jim had a job, and where we were starting to raise a family.

ONE DAY before Dudley left, I asked him about rattlesnakes. He assured me he had seen none, but I was a little dubious. Part of my bringing up had been on a homestead in northern New Mexico. If it hadn't been for a big dog that was always at my side as I roamed the canyon near our house, I undoubtedly would have been bitten. Before I ever saw the snake, the dog would grab him just behind the head. Snake fat would fly in all directions. The dog didn't let go until the snake was in snake heaven or wherever good snakes go. I felt a little sorry for him; he had been there first.

Left: D. A. Dudley, builder of the Topock Station, on roof of the gauge well. Above: The car to measure water as it appeared equipped to go on the cable. Party in cable car unknown.

I have heard that an Indian can smell a snake, but while I didn't have a smell for them, my mind was always keyed to a sound, a buzz, or a rattle. Call it what you will, but I felt it would come sooner or later. Jim had plenty to do so I never said anything about this premonition to him.

Bouncer hadn't ever come face to face with a rattler, but I was sure he would at least bark and this was some comfort. Rattlers never crawl in the hot sun. They move about in the cool of the evening, at night, and in the early morning.

The work on the river came first at any government station, so anything else had to wait. However, as soon as Jim could, he started building a yard, picking up the shale in small pieces and hauling it by wheelbarrow until he had filled the gap on the door side so nothing could crawl out from under the house. This was a lot of work. Then he put up a six-foot fence extending from the corner of the house, on the river side, out about ten or twelve feet and along the trail to the privy. A gate was placed at the corner of the house on the river side, with the lock on the outside. We felt better with the six-foot fence between the children and the river. Small children have to be watched all the time. The fence, as well as the yard, was a protection. Nothing could come from under the house, only down the trail or from above.

A couple of times a week we went up the winding wash to Topock to get the mail and bring back supplies. Once our car was pulling along in low gear with soft gravel flying in all directions, and when we rounded a curve we were surprised by a mother quail and about a dozen little ones, no larger than my thumb.

A piece of gravel had hit a little one, and it lay kicking in the sand as if it were going to die. The frightened mother flew out of the close quarters in the wash, but the little ones just scurried to the side of the road and tried to hide under a big rock. Jim got out of the car and picked up the one that had been knocked out. He took the canteen of water and poured some over the little fellow in his hand, and to our surprise the tiny quail stood and began drinking water from Jim's palm. He was so dry. We knew the mother was on her way with her family to the river for a drink, so we left a can of water under the big rock to help out, as the river was at least a half-mile away.

Johnny and Lila Carrara, who ran the store and post office, were most friendly and we enjoyed seeing them on these trips. They had two children a little older than ours, so our friendship grew. On one of these trips Lila asked if we would like a kitten. Someone had dumped an underfed, scrawny runt off at the store and Jack was going to kill it. Its chances to grow into a well animal were doubtful. However, being animal lovers, we decided to give the little unwanted cat a home. Love and care can do wonders, as you will see.

OUR evening meal was never eaten until the sun had dropped behind the rugged hills on the west side of the river. The reflection of the sun on the water and shining upon the house made our dining corner doubly hot. Evening brought a long twilight, and we enjoyed sitting and watching the river pushing itself along, whirling in its hurry to get to the ocean.

Before we ate, Jim always checked the gauge well to make sure that everything was in order. This evening was like many others as he came up, locking the gate on the outside. Then just as we were sitting down, I heard that noise the little warning sound that I had been listening for ever since we had arrived. "Jim," I said, "I hear a rattlesnake."

The children were making their usual noises and I didn't think Jim heard me, so I again said in a louder voice, "Jim I know I hear a rattlesnake." At this he turned around and replied, "Are you out of your mind? I don't hear anything."

By this time I had located the direction the sound was coming from, the end of the sleeping porch which had been nailed shut. There, just a few feet away, sat Bouncer, and between Bouncer and the end of the porch was a large snake, coiled and singing his song. One look by Jim and we both made a dive for the gate, which was locked and took a little time to open. When we did get around the house to where the snake and Bouncer were, the snake had moved up to the edge of the house where it went into the hill. Jim and I stood there helpless, having nothing with which to kill a snake. The only thing handy, beside a rock, was a long piece of pipe left over from the

(Continued on page 59)

HIS OWN PAULA REVERE

"The sheriff is coming! The sheriff is coming!" —not every cowboy had a friendly girl to tip him off

BY DICK WAITS

Photos Courtesy Author

ONE SUMMER I had a camp about twenty-five miles out of Winifred, Montana on the edge of the Badlands. It was a nice place—a log cabin, a big spring of water, plus forty acres of pasture for my saddle horses—and it was not a bad life. I was busy and in the evenings I could visit if I got too lonely. The Missouri River lay north of me and there was a ranch on the river that I visited often. It was forty miles from my cabin but that wasn't far in those days. The rancher's name was Charley Knox. He had cattle and some horses on the range.

About this time a few homesteaders began to come to these parts to file on 160 acres of land, and among these was a girl who took up a homestead and built a cabin on it. Her place was east of Winifred, out in the sticks. But she didn't mind that as she has always called herself a loner. Well, I came to know her later on; I was generally out on the range in a line camp by myself but we saw each other fairly often and became better friends as time went by. She lived on her homestead by herself. She didn't have any folks in that part of the country although she was born in Montana. I had first seen her at a big get-together in Winifred.

Winifred consisted of two saloons, one restaurant, a community hall and post office, butcher shop and a general store. And, of course, plank sidewalks, dirt streets and a town pump on Main Street where you could get a drink or water your horse.

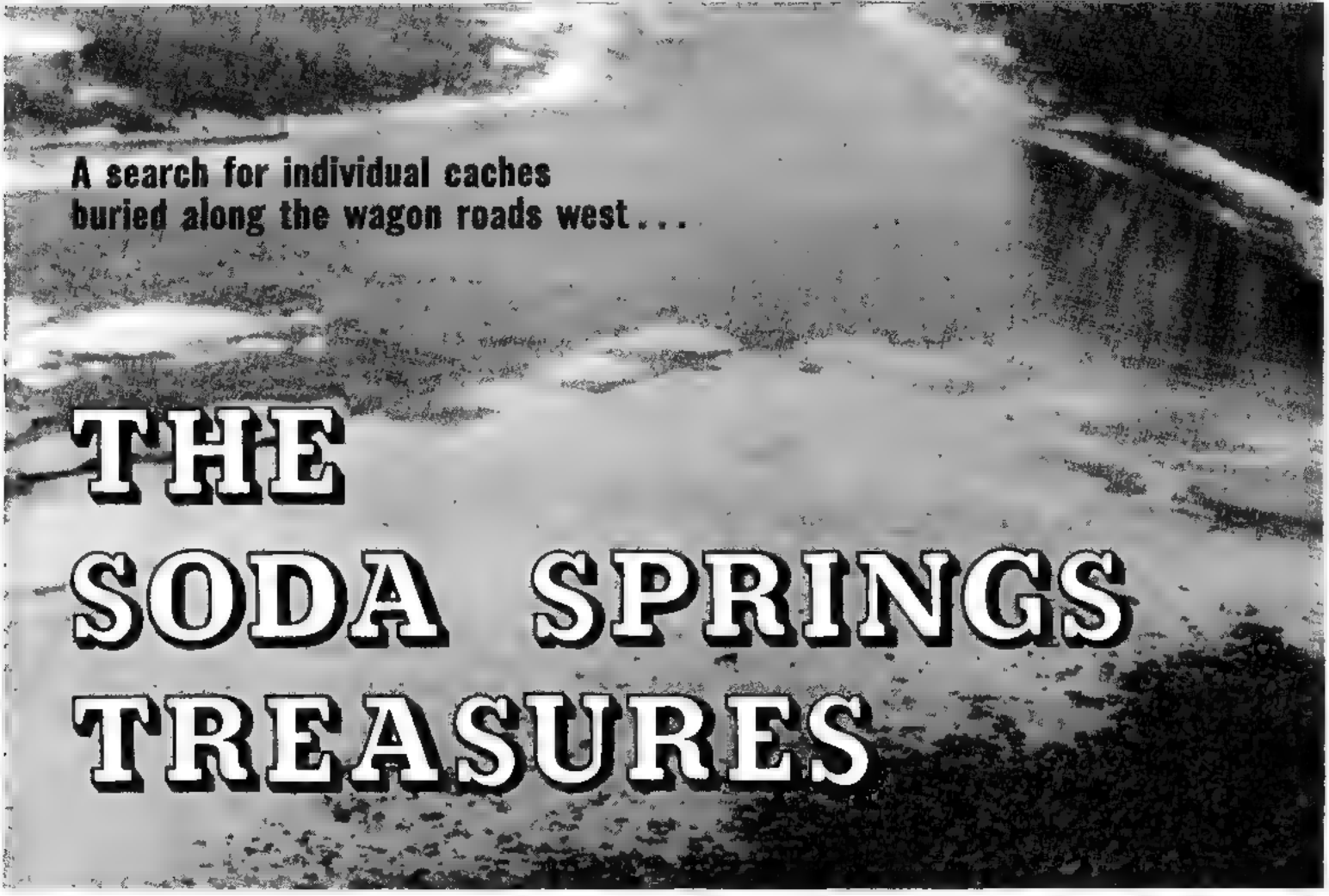
The people there called a meeting and agreed to hold a celebration on the 4th of July (1916). They began to dress the town up with gay colors and flags. Well, of course, I was anxious to find a chance to get away from my lonely camp for a little fling so I caught my best looking saddle horse and rode in. The town was really alive. Gals and boys riding their best horses with fancy silver-mounted spurs, Navajo saddle blankets and chaps —both angora and leather; boots with fancy stitching, gay colored bandanas and Stetson hats. All businesses were closed except the bars and restaurants.

A parade was first on the program and that was on Main Street. Then came the races and they were also on Main Street. The kids rode first. Some of them could really ride and knew how to handle their horses. Then the girls got a chance to show that they, too, knew about horses. There was one girl that knew all the angles when it came to handling a horse. She rode in the girl's race and won it. Well, she was a pretty gal with black hair and I told myself I would get to know her sometime. I told myself the truth because we were sure going to meet in the next few months.

THAT FALL I got into trouble. Now it's a lot easier to get into trouble than it is to get out of it. I am telling this just to show how things were in those days.

(Continued on page 43)

Shipping pens. Winifred. Montana. 1917.



A search for individual caches buried along the wagon roads west . . .

THE SODA SPRINGS TREASURES

Little Spring Creek near Soda Springs, Idaho.

BY MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

ELMORE DWIGGINS dismounted from his mule and heaved upward on a copper bucket bail protruding from the dirt. As the bucket cleared the ground he stared down at its contents. Gold coins!

Dwiggins, a seasoned prospector and treasure hunter, did not give way to excitement although it was a considerable haul for a homeless wanderer like himself. He merely got a short-handled shovel, that September day in 1895, and dug out the spot. No more treasure had been cached in the same hole.

Dwiggins was not much surprised to find coins on Little Spring Creek below the village of Soda Springs, Idaho but it was rather unexpected to find some in that particular spot. He stood on the site where an immigrant family of seven had been massacred by Indians in the 1850s. Their camp had not been burned. When another party of immigrants found the bodies, the victims were buried in a wagon box a short distance away. Around their common grave grew up the old cemetery west of town.

Knowing this bit of Oregon Trail history Dwiggins had long supposed that the Indians carried off everything in camp. And it certainly didn't seem possible that some of the family had found time to bury any money. The murderous assault on them had been very swift.

For several years Dwiggins had been hunting buried treasure around old campsites along Bear River and its several tributaries. This section, or cut-off, of the Oregon Trail had been pioneered by Nathaniel Wyeth in 1835. It swung south of the older trail from the Sweetwater River in Wyoming, to Fort Bridger, thence northwest following Bear River to Soda Springs, and along part of the Portneuf to Fort Hall.

The Soda Springs strip of the wide trail offered plenty of water, luxuriant grass, and wild game. After toiling that far across forbidding country immigrants were glad to recuperate a few days in the bountiful land, and lay-over camps had been established all along the river and in creek bottoms. Some tarried by the mineralized springs so numerous in the region. Their waters were considered beneficial to health.

Most immigrant trains carried whatever monetary wealth families possessed. In instances of impending Indian attack and often as a night safety precaution, this money was put in the ground, and for one reason or another was sometimes left behind. Of record are several instances where rich immigrant families brought along a great store of money. When forced to lessen the weight of loads because of worn down stock, all heavy objects were thrown away. Half or more of their metallic wealth would sometimes be spaded into the ground. The owners, of course, intended riding back later to retrieve it, but some of them either were killed by Indians or died before reaching the Rockies.

Along this section of the trail, Dwiggins had found several such caches, but the graying, slightly built and none too strong man sought a particular one. Perhaps more legend than fact, a hoard of $80,000 supposedly had been buried in two iron boxes. It was secreted somewhere just off Bear River by a wealthy Philadelphia family named Stillecoup.

During a stand-off attack by Blackfeet Indians the family head, Hiram Stillecoup, hid the money himself. It went into the ground under a ponderous double-decker prairie schooner which the family should never have started with in the first place. Not destined to reach Oregon, the wagon broke up in the mountains. Stillecoup and three of his children died of Rocky Mountain tick fever before reaching the Columbia River in Oregon.

While stricken, and realizing he might not make it, Stillecoup drew a map of the campsite. It revealed where the un-

wieldy schooner stood in relation to Little Spring Creek and Bear River in the angle formed by the two streams. Apparently some member of the family, or a close friend, led a party back but failed to find the boxes. In time this waybill came into possession of a man named Beard. He spent several years poking around near old Fort Connor hunting for it.

Finally concluding that he would never retrieve the Stillecoup treasure, Beard revealed the real purpose of his searches and gave the map to Dwiggins. It was in such tattered condition that Dwiggins re-drew it on stronger paper. This was the map he used for ten years in trying to locate the iron boxes.

THE MAP indicated the camp's night circle, placing the big schooner on the north side against an arc of trees. Much of the timber on former campsites had been cut off years before. Even the stumps had rotted. Up the creek a homesteader had chopped down more. Part of his land was incorporated in the town of Soda Springs that joined the 1863 settlement of Fort Connor on the east.

Dwiggins felt it was imperative to figure out where the old stands of timber once stood. To that end he went to Pocatello, Idaho Falls, and valleys under cultivation in Madison County where he talked to the oldest pioneers. Gradually he worked out where the old stands once grew in relation to immigrant camps. This still didn't fully solve the problem, however; in fact, conflicting accounts tended to cloud a true picture of the landscape.

The day Dwiggins found the bucket he sacked the contents and took the coins mule-back to his cabin on Bear River, about four miles south of Soda Springs. The bottom of the bucket contained only silver dollars. Altogether the coins totaled slightly less than $1,700, but it was the largest amount he had yet found in any of the trail campsites.

This money went into his secret cache, a wooden box sunk in the dirt floor of the small one-room cabin. The box was covered with packed clay, topped by his bedroll.

Dwiggins was considered by the few farmers in the country as a not-too-bright prospector pottering around. All valuable metals had been discovered farther away. However, when a farmer breaking new sod recently cleared of timber and brush, plowed up a small amount of gold money, rumors were whispered of other possible treasures and Dwiggins was soon regarded with a measure of suspicion. Perhaps, after all, the old man was onto something really big.

One character showed up soon after Dwiggins had made his copper bucket find. Dwiggins was working over a piece of ground off Little Spring Creek below where a dirt road crossed. He poked along, his sharp eyes studying the contours of the surface between trees and scattered brush. It was a likely spot for the campsite he sought even though he had inspected it several times before and twice dug empty holes which were later filled.

Hearing a click of metal Dwiggins halted in his tracks, raising his head quickly. Before him, between two close-set trees, stood a middle-aged man, unshaven and wearing soil-stained clothes. From beneath a floppy brown hat a pair of piercing eyes stared at Dwiggins over the barrel of a Remington rifle.

"Where do you think you're going?" he gruffly demanded.

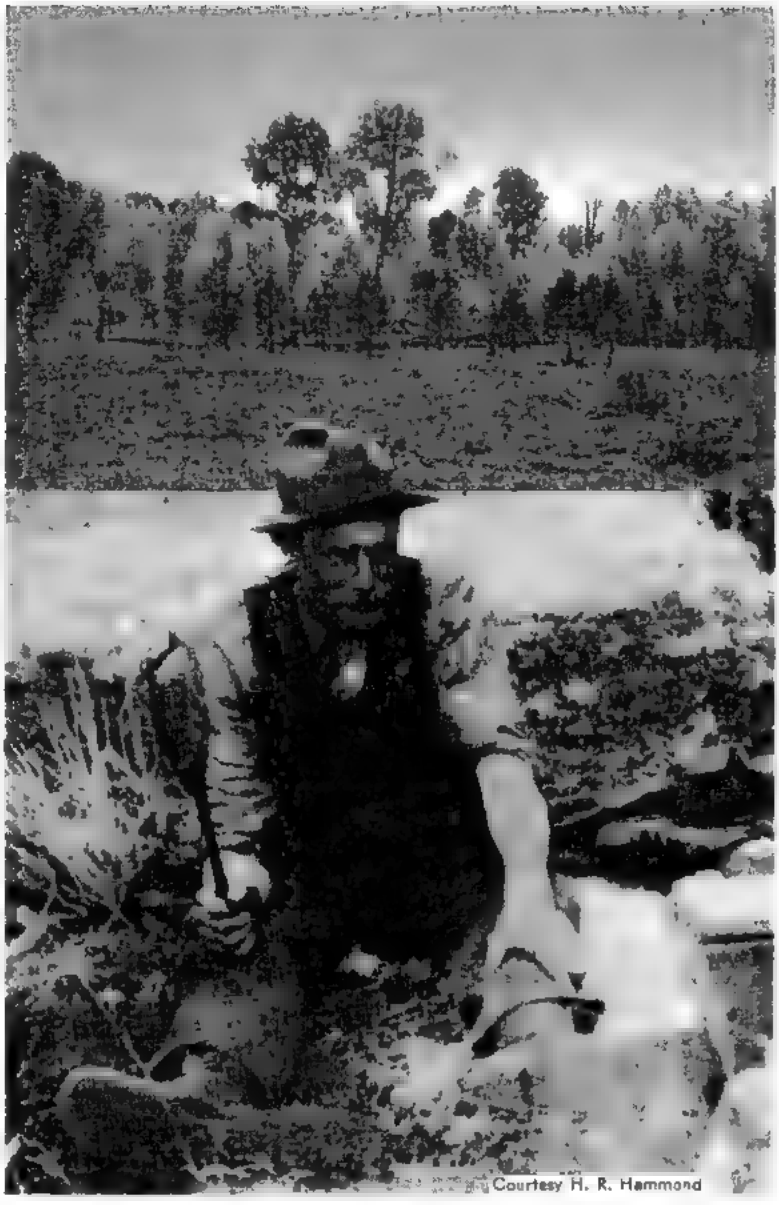
"Expect I got as much right around these parts as you," Dwiggins replied.

"Go 'round," the stranger ordered, gesturing with his rifle muzzle to the right. "Way 'round if you know what's good for you!"

Afoot that day, Dwiggins complied, with a chilly feeling that the rifle covered him every step until he was out of sight. As soon as Dwiggins was well under cover he circled around from the creek side, approaching as near as possible. He couldn't see the man, but he could hear the scrape of a shovel against stones. So now he had a competitor in the field!

Somewhat disturbed by the fact he returned to his cabin; saddled his mule, and rode into Soda Springs. Hoping to learn something about the stranger because he sensed serious trouble brewing, Dwiggins hung around the livery stable and a couple of saloons where men were usually careless in their talk. All he discovered was that his competitor was camped a little north of town on a tributary of Soda Creek.

While Dwiggins still loitered in town, the stranger passed through about dusk. He rode a gray burro, hastening on for his camp without stopping. Dwiggins immediately streaked for the place where the man had been digging. Even in the deepening gloom he recognized it as one of his refilled holes. That caused him to chuckle amusedly. The stranger was a greenhorn, having used an iron rod which located ground looser than the soil around it. Dwiggins had long since abandoned such methods. Treasures hidden on campsites had been cached so long that the soil was packed as hard over them as it had ever been.



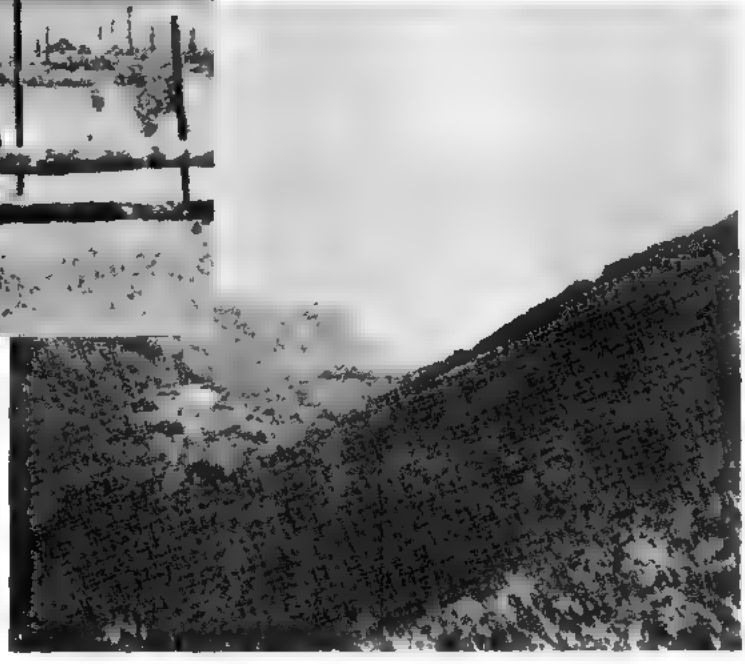
Courtesy H. R. Hammond

Elmore Dwiggins (above), who hunted campsites on the Oregon Trail for more than ten years and found treasures. He always believed this spot (top) was where the Stillecoup iron boxes of treasure were buried.

DWIGGINS shifted his operations south of Bear River to a more distant clearing he wanted to inspect. It revealed evidence of having been camped on and held considerable possibilities. Each night he returned to his cabin, usually late. But on the fourth day he reached home before dusk.

Putting the riding mule on grass he strolled with the other to the front of the cabin only to halt abruptly over well defined tracks. Dwiggins always kept a clean camp, and the space before the door, closed in inclement weather by a piece of canvas only, was free of vegetation. In the soft dust a man's tracks were plain. They went to the cabin door and reappeared coming away. It was very unusual for a visitor to come around. Most found his place by pure accident.

Had some thief robbed his cabin, maybe even found his money? Rushing heedlessly inside he dropped to his knees and threw back the bedroll. At once he heaved a sigh of relief and



Left: An immigrant campsite on the Oregon Trail off Bear River, between two creeks, where more buried treasures were found. Below: Bear River in southern Idaho.

his pounding heart steadied. The clay beneath remained undisturbed. In another breathing space Dwiggins realized, though, that he had been neatly tricked. A gloating voice from the doorway announced, "So that's where you keep your money! Reckoned you'd lead me to it!" It was the voice of the tough stranger.

On order, Dwiggins stood upright, hands half raised, and backed slowly toward the man until the rifle muzzle nudged the middle of his back.

"Keep on coming outside," was the next command. "Might want to take over your cabin—and I don't like 'em bloodied up!"

Dwiggins moved slowly out into the open before the door, expecting to feel the burn of a bullet at any moment. Then a colder, clearer voice than the rifle holder's raised in the soft falling night.

"Freeze, buster! Now you can drop your rifle or does this here rouser tear you apart? I don't rightly care which."

The second stranger's voice bit through his listeners. It held a most compelling, deadly ring. The tough man didn't hesitate in grounding the rifle.

"Turn around," the man with the drop spoke again. "Like to get a good look at a critter's face before I burn him down."

The tough case turned slowly, seeing dimly the outline of a man standing fifty feet away. He then sprang desperately sideways, diving headlong into the brush near the cabin's chimney. After springing back onto his feet he could be heard running wildly in flight. Instead of sending bullets after him, the standing man chuckled.

As these events were taking place Dwiggins had jumped forward into the cabin. Grabbing his gun, he hurried back outside, mighty thankful that the other stranger had happened along.

The man beyond, gun holstered, walked forward slowly. He wore cowboy Levi's, a hickory shirt and spurred boots. Young, his face was clean shaven. For a couple of moments the two appraised each other.

"Name's Art Hammond," the cowboy drawled. "Wouldn't of butted in except I seen that booger sneaking through the timber. Wondered what he was up to so I left my stock nigh the road and followed. Well, I'll be traipsing along."

"You—are you hunting this old campsite stuff, too?"

"Campsite stuff?"

"There's said to be a lot of money around that them pilgrims buried long ago."

Hammond chuckled. "Nope, I'm only riding through to Pocatello from Wyoming. Hoped maybe I could land a job over there."

That placed the cowboy, and Dwiggins was grateful. Further conversation revealed that the young man intended camping a little way up the trail. Dwiggins promptly invited him to throw in at the cabin. The offer was readily accepted.

"I'll rustle some eats while you put your horses away," Dwiggins said.

Hammond had a saddled horse and one packed with bedding and camp gear. When both were unloaded and placed with Dwiggins' mules he entered the cabin. His host was busy frying venison.

THAT is how the two men met up and began a long friendship. The cowboy was good-natured, somewhat handsome, and most of the time talked in a soft voice. But when he meant business, his voice could crack like a bull whip.

After supper, asking how far it was to town, Hammond suggested they might go there for a couple of drinks. Dwiggins, although tempted, shook his head. He had something important to do as soon as possible.

"I'll rest my bones instead. But I'd consider it a favor to know if that feller is still hanging around."

After Hammond saddled and pulled out for town Dwiggins dug up his wooden box of money. Blowing out the lantern he stole from the cabin, scouting the immediate area to make certain no one had lurked around to watch him. Then he packed the box away from the creek bottom into a thick stand of bushy timber and reburied it deep.

In a couple of hours Hammond returned and he and Dwiggins sat in the dark, drinking and talking. The camp of the tough customer appeared to have been quit in a hurry. Hammond heard he had headed west.

For a week the cowboy visited with Dwiggins and then went on to Pocatello. The old man returned to pottering around, searching for other sites where immigrants camped in the heyday of the Oregon Trail. When Christmas week arrived an acute restlessness overtook him. He decided to ride into Pocatello for a brief go at "tootin' and hollerin'."

In that fast growing town he found Hammond. The cowboy had ridden three months for a cattle outfit. When the heavy work ended all but the winter crew had been laid off.

"But I got another job in view," Hammond announced rue-

fully. "Juicing cows for some farmer up in the Snake River Valley. Never thought I'd get low enough to do that!"

"You don't need to," Dwiggins told him. "I got plenty bacon and beans. We can get fresh meat in the woods, though toward late spring it gets a little stringy."

"Got my wages to help on the grub," Hammond replied, relieved that he wouldn't have to turn farmer after all.

When the two men returned to Little Spring Creek together, an unwelcome surprise awaited Dwiggins. During his absence the dirt floor of the cabin had been completely dug up. Even most of the chinking was torn out of the walls. Whoever searched the cabin for his money did a thorough job.

While the holes were being filled and the floor packed down again Hammond remarked, "Looks as though somebody was after the same thing the other one was. You got some spendable loot around here?"

"Well, a tolerable amount," Dwiggins admitted. "Enough to keep supplied with bacon and beans. Good thing it wasn't in my shebang. That fellow would of cleaned me out!"

"Or maybe a couple of them."

Snow and ice covered the ground and the weather was extremely cold. Unable to stand the idleness, Hammond looked around for better browse for the stock. He also cut a jag of firewood. The weeks passed slowly. One spring day as the snow melted and the ground thawed he took a rifle into the woods intending to kill a deer.

An hour later he was back—no meat but he carried a cast-iron kettle. Placing it near the blazing fireplace he faced the curious Dwiggins, who could almost guess what happened.

"Take a look into it!" Excitement rode the cowboy's voice.

When Dwiggins looked he found the kettle almost filled with gold coins. Pouring them out the two men counted the trove—one-hundred and one $20 gold pieces and forty-six $10 coins.

Hammond explained that he started down a timbered draw off Bear River. Beyond was a flat where deer might be at that time of day. Reaching a spot where a gravel bank had caved he came onto the kettle lying fully exposed. When he described the place Dwiggins nodded his head knowingly.

"Once a campsite was there where the draw has cut through since. Wasn't a very big one. Reckon it was used only a few times. Now you've found yourself a stake."

Fool's luck, probably, but the treasure hunting fever entered the cowboy's blood. There is no other sensation more pressing and enthralling. Not even finding a vein of gold is quite as exciting. It took hardly any urging to get him to stay on.

THAT SUMMER the two men worked farther east than Dwiggins had been before. They covered considerable territory, then they retreated gradually back upstream toward the cabin. The cowboy was good at searching and his eyes were much sharper than the old man's.

They made good partners, getting along well together. Because of this Dwiggins finally brought out his waybill to the Stillecoup cache and explained its history.

"With your kind of luck we got a better chance finding it together," he allowed,.

But they didn't. Heavy snowstorms stopped them for the winter. When cabin fever became bothersome they rode twice to Pocatello for brief visits just to break the monotony. As spring approached Hammond grew fidgety. The treasure hunting fever no longer gripped him. Probably his one find had been pure greenhorn luck. Cattleland called to him again and he dwelled much in his mind on the future.

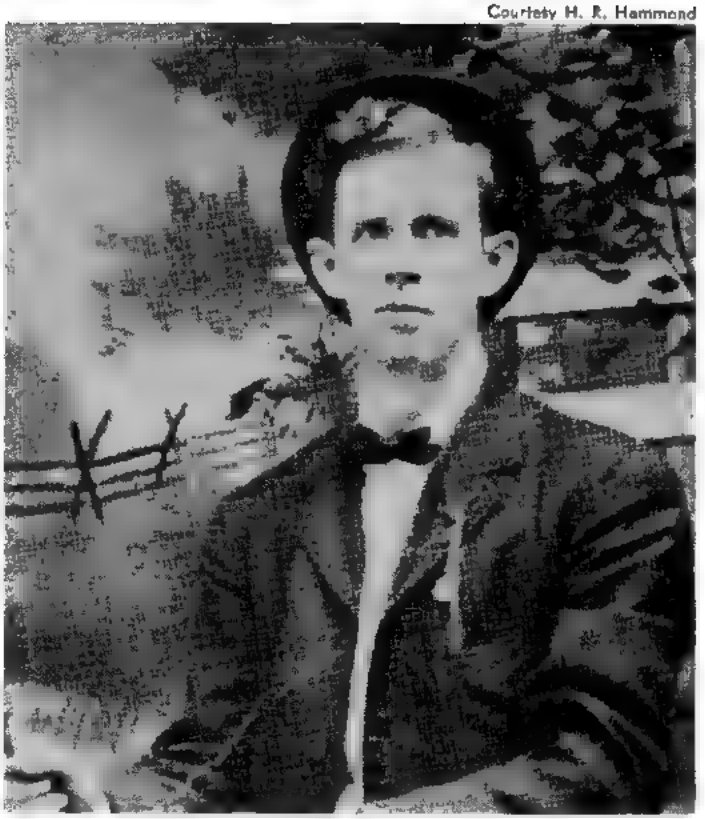
"Tell you something," he broached the subject one day. "I know where there's good grassland I can take up in Wyoming. Got enough to buy me a few cows. Always did want a spread of my own. Of course, the start is going to be picayunish, but it would be one."

"Go do it now," Dwiggins advised sincerely. "Put your roots into one place. Wait a few years and you'll never settle down."

After he departed Dwiggins reverted into the old routine of his solitary searches. He pottered and moved wherever the whim took him. Before he had found as much treasure by slowness as by hurrying.

Evidence marking the Old Oregon Trail route was plentiful enough. From the defined route he worked over a camping ground about half-way to Georgetown. That summer he took

Courtesy H. R. Hammond



Arthur (Art) Hammond about 1907.

$780 from the trail in gold and silver. It was scattered loose in the charcoal-and ash-colored ground where cooking fires had been. After the two attempts to deprive him of his slowly accumulated money he always wore a holstered gun.

So passed the summer and fall. That winter he came down with a bad cold. It must have been pneumonia, which he survived by self-medication. Afterward he suffered a hacking cough that sometimes grew painful. It stayed on and worried him and he speculated whether or not it might be tuberculosis.

Quite often Dwiggins thought of going somewhere else to a hot, dry climate. Idaho winters were always bitter, causing his bones to ache. Before he hadn't noticed the high country cold very much, but advancing years made him acutely aware of physical discomforts.

Having decided he would soon pull out of Idaho, his efforts were concentrated on one place that he had concluded was where the train camped with which the Stillecoup family traveled. Unable to work steadily, he took to digging narrow, shallow post-hole size testings. Then came the day when he unknowingly started digging his last hole for treasure in Idaho. Down no more than a foot under the sod the shovel blade grated against metal instead of stone. Widening the hole barely enough to expose the object, he leaned on the shovel staring with pounding blood at what was surely the top of a rusted iron box.

This must be one of the Stillecoup boxes. Methodically he widened the hole, for the iron box was about twenty-two inches long by sixteen wide. The dimensions made him even more certain of his find.

When at last he had it cleared he dropped down on his knees. Tugging at the lid he had to dig out one side to get at the hasp. When Dwiggins raised the heavy iron top, disappointment hit him. Some rotted paper on top crumbled to pieces.

Brushing the debris aside, he saw a few gold and silver coins almost in the very bottom of the box. They probably totaled less than $200. No great treasure here. But it could still be a part of the Stillecoup plant. Holding up a few of the coins he examined them in the sunlight. The dates were old enough to be a part of the great treasure he had hunted so long. Slowly he spread his fingers, letting them clank down into the box.

A heavy blow hit the left side of Dwiggin's head, tearing his

(Continued on page 52)

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I lived neighbors to W. B. Self from 1940 until his death in 1950, and visited him many times. I always liked to listen to men who "had been there," like he had. —W. L. Robinson

I WAS born in Cooke County, Texas in 1860. My father served as a major in the Confederate Army and was away from home until I was five or six years old. About the first thing I can remember about him was after he came home from the war when he would take me with him to Gainesville sometimes. The first thing we would do on arriving in town was to go to the saloon, and he would order one drink of whiskey for himself and a "Peach and Honey" for me. That was the best drink I ever had, but he would allow himself only one drink of whiskey and I would get only one Peach and Honey. Then I would follow him around real close the rest of the day hoping he would go back to that saloon, but he never would. So I have drunk whiskey all my life in moderation and, as I am now almost ninety years old, I think that whiskey, used properly, is the best friend an old man can have.

We ran cattle on the open range and I grew up working with cattle and horses all over that part of Texas. By 1880 the country had settled up until free range for cattle was getting hard to find; so my daddy sent me out to Baylor County with most of our cattle, and we settled on Indian Creek over in the Wichita brakes north of the new town of Seymour. That country was all open then. Millet Brothers had about all the range tied up from the Salt Fork of the Brazos River down to the clear Fork, but on the Wichita most of the outfits were small like ours.

Bill and Bood Brooking, Albert Tyson, and myself were about the only ones in the Wichita brakes at that time, and we were all neighbors and got along fine. For a while we had plenty of water and grass for our stock, but the cattle trail from South Texas kept moving west until by the 1880s it came up by Fort Griffin through Baylor County and crossed Red River into Indian Territory at Doan's Crossing north of Vernon.

Now, when a trail herd of two to three thousand cattle came through your range and some of your cattle got mixed in with them and followed them off, it was your hard luck. So in 1881 the cowmen here in Baylor County hired me as a trail cutter. I would take what men I needed and, before the trail herd crossed Red River into Indian Territory, I would cut out all the stray cattle that belonged in our country and see that the rightful owners got their cattle.

I never did have any serious trouble with any of the trail bosses. They would cuss and rare about it, but I would cuss and rare back at them, and they would always let me cut the herd. Of course, most of the trail men were honest, but some would not object to picking up a few extra cattle to help pay expenses. I cut one big old steer branded with the figure 9 out of Ab Blocker's herd and he objected quite a bit. He said he picked up that steer a hundred miles south of Baylor County. I told him I didn't care where he picked him up; he belonged to the Witherspoons and I would have to have him. He finally agreed but said it was getting to where an honest man could hardly make a living anymore.

IN 1882 I was at Doan's Crossing on Red River, acting as trail cutter for this country, when we had the biggest mix-up of cattle that I ever experienced; 1882 was one of those wet years like we have sometimes in this country and Red River was bank full.

I guess there were a dozen trail herds waiting for the river to run down enough for them to cross. One night along in June, I guess it was, it came one of those bad electrical storms like we have sometimes, and those cattle got to running, and the next morning cattle were scattered all over that country. There were about a hundred and twenty-five men all together and when we got those cattle gathered in one bunch there were something over thirty thousand head of cattle all mixed up. We got organized and started separating them and we were ten days or two weeks getting them shaped up and across Red River and headed north again. There were very few cattle lost and not a man was injured in all that mix-up.

Not long after I settled on Indian Creek, an old fellow named Elam settled on up the Wichita River at the mouth of Soap Creek. He dug a well and got good water, so he hauled lumber from somewhere and built a little two-room house. I lived in a dug-out. His was about the only house in the country at that time. Along in the winter of 1881 old Elam gave a dance in his new house, and cowboys came from all over to the dance. A good many of them brought whiskey and old Elam drank too much and got drunk as a lord. Everything went along fine and everybody was having a nice time until old Elam decided to run everybody off. He got his gun and told us to go home. Somebody took his gun away from him and we got a rope off someone's saddle and hung him down in the

Below: Freight outfit in the Wichita country. Right Walter Self in Wichita brakes. Date of photos is unknown.

This demonstrates the difference between plain talk and windjamming

BY W. B. (Uncle Bill) SELF
as told to
W. L. ROBINSON

Photos Courtesy Author
Mrs. Ray Cockerell Collection

well until he changed his mind and let us stay.

When we started the work in the spring of 1881, we agreed to meet at Elam's place at the mouth of Soap Creek and work down the Wichita and meet the chuckwagons on Pony Creek north of Seymour. Henry Jones and myself were staying together, so we packed our bedrolls and went cross-country to Elam's place. It came a pretty good rain on us and got our bedding wet.

When we got to Elam's place we spread our bedding out on a gravel knoll in front of his house to dry, as the sun was shining by then. Old Elam had a little girl about twelve or fourteen years old and she was full of life. She had a little dog that she seemed to be real fond of. After a while Henry Jones looked at our bedding and that dog was right in the middle of it with his muddy feet. Henry was hotheaded and he went out and kicked that dog awinding. The little girl grabbed up a rock about as big as my fist and hit Henry in the side with it, and he slapped her face.

Old Elam came out of the house to see what the commotion was about. The dog was yelping, the girl was crying, and Henry was cussing. Old Elam yelled that he bet he could stop some of that damn foolishness and ran in the house and came out with a gun. Well, I just knew he was going to shoot Henry, but he shot the little dog.

Elam didn't stay there long. He drifted on out of the country and I never knew what became of him. The house disappeared years ago.

UNCLE ANDREW TAYLOR, who lived northeast of Seymour toward the Wichita, came into town and reported to the sheriff that two good work horses had turned up at his place. He said they were big bay horses, gentle and both branded with the same brand, and that he would keep them until the rightful owner came for them. Well, the news spread fast about the stray horses out at Uncle Andrew's place and a morning or two later when he went out to the barn those horses were gone. Sign showed that someone had led them away, but the tracks soon went into rough country and those horses just disappeared.

Now, Uncle Andrew was above reproach. Nobody was suspicious of him, but everybody wondered who got the horses. The sheriff put out descriptions and, as the Texas Rangers were patrolling all that frontier they had a description of the horses.

Almost a year later the Rangers came up here and arrested Bood Brooking and charged him with stealing the horses. It seemed the Rangers had found those horses down in Llano County. A fellow by the name of Johnson had them and he said he bought them from Bood Brooking who was from Baylor County. Bood said he didn't get the horses. Somebody was using his name. Anyway, the Grand Jury indicted Bood and he got a lawyer and made bond. He got a change of venue and they tried him in Haskell County.

I was summoned as a character witness so I went down to Haskell for the trial. Now, the key witness to the whole trial was this fellow Johnson from Llano County who had told the Rangers that Bood brought the horses down there and sold them to him. The district attorney put Johnson on the stand and, after the usual identifying questions, he asked him if he knew Bood Brooking. Mr. Johnson said he sure did, knew him real well. Bood was sitting at a table right in front of him. The district attorney asked Johnson to look around the courtroom and, if Bood Brooking was there, to point him out. Johnson stood up and looked all around the courtroom and finally picked out a member of the jury and said he was sure that fellow was Bood Brooking. Well, Mr. Johnson impeached himself as a witness, and the judge set Bood free and we came on home.

(Continued on page 44)

Walter B. Self, when about seventy-five years old.

QUEEN of the SNOWS and

—what misery gold and ur

Bust of Mollie Walsh, Queen of the Yukon, placed on the gold trail by Packer Jack. Her soul was as spotless as the snow which fell on her tent, the Packer said.

JIM HENDERSON was an unlucky man. He was a gold prospector who knew all the ropes, but he was always too late. He was late at Deadwood, late at Leadville, and failed to connect with the Arizona diggings.

Jim was chipping away at quartz rock in the vicinity of Aspen, Colorado when a friend told him that Alaska would be the next big boom. Turning all his assets except his mining equipment into cash, Henderson grubstaked himself and made his way to Dawson, where excitement was at fever pitch. A pocket of gold had been found on the Yukon, but Jim soon learned that it was only a pocket, although thousands of gold-hunters had been drawn from the States.

Henderson built a small cabin on the Klondike twenty miles from Dawson and began prospecting. The cabin was located on a small creek that flowed into the Klondike. The creek had no name, but would soon be known as "Last Chance"—and truly it would become that to Henderson. Other prospectors called him a fool, for everyone with brains knew there was no gold along the Klondike, only "moose pasture." A series of jokers had placed signs along the river which read, "Chechakos—Gold Up There," with a pointing hand. There was one of these within sight of Henderson's cabin.

Back in Dawson, those who had been drawn by the phony strike were left high and dry. Across the river, at the junction of the Yukon and Klondike, was the village of the Siwash Indians. Here Siwash George ruled like a king. George was a Britisher who had deserted his ship and had taken unto himself five wives, the youngest of them the sixteen-year-old daughter of Isaac, the Siwash chief.

The false excitement had made the Indians important. They sold pemmican, dogs, and furs for clothing to those who still believed there was gold to be had in Alaska. Siwash George kept things alive by telling lies about new strikes that hadn't occurred, selling claims that didn't exist—all to keep commerce alive. However, this got him in trouble with people who had been fleeced, and to keep

Rescue camp of Mollie Walsh, below the summit of the White Pass Trail.

KING of the KLONDIKE

BY RAYMOND W. THORP

Photos Courtesy Author

Packer Jack Newman, one year before his death. Like Mollie Walsh, he was struck down on the street in Seattle.

'equited love can bring—

from being hanged by his dirty neck he thought to look up Henderson. He knew that Henderson being expert on such things, could furnish him information that would not be doubted when he quoted the source. He and "Skookum Jim," his half-witted Indian brother-in-law, went to see the expert.

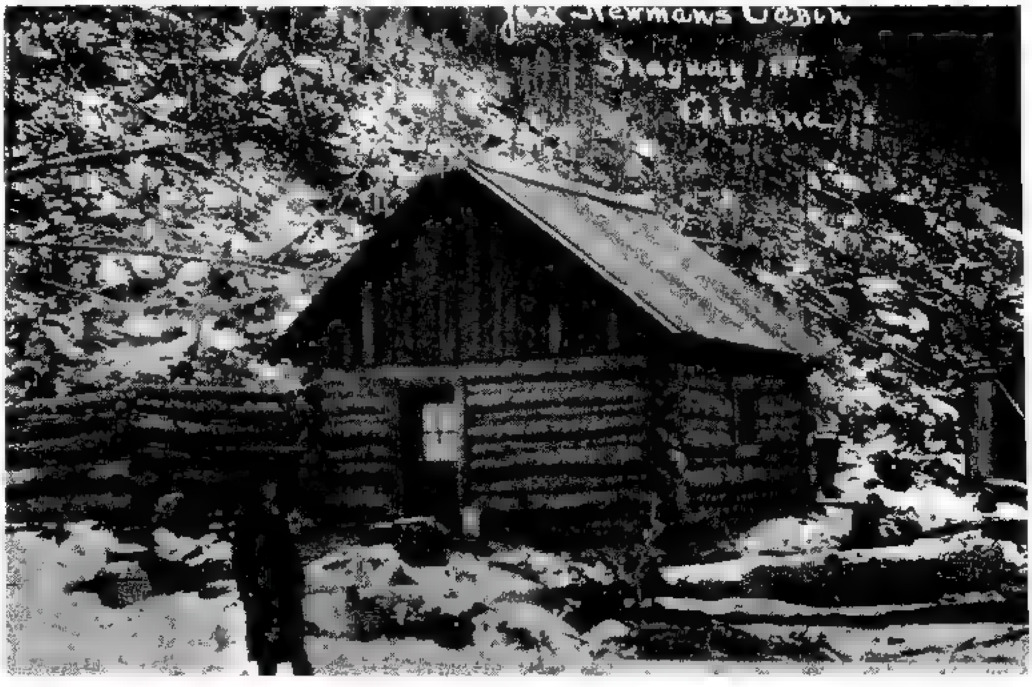
Jim Henderson, being kind-hearted, cooked supper for them and allowed them to sleep in his cabin, giving them his double bunk, and himself sleeping on the floor. By so doing he proved his hospitality, for he knew it would take days to delouse the beds after they left. The next morning he cooked breakfast for them, answering questions all the while, for Jim was a man willing to help others. Then he took them down to the creek, showing where he had panned a few grains. He told the scoundrelly pair that he had tried all the gulches except the one just across the ridge; he would get to that one next. The two didn't even thank him when they left, crossing the ridge to do so.

SIWASH GEORGE, not being too ethical himself, thought maybe Henderson had lied, and was holding back something. He couldn't check on it, however, as he was only a fish peddler, and didn't know a gold vein from the Aurora Borealis. He loped along, looking for holes in the ground that had been dug by man. His half-witted brother-in-law loped behind him, and at one point casually reached down and pulled a clump of moss where the wind had swept away the snow. Its weight was such that it stopped him, and when he looked at the roots his eyes popped out. He shouted to Siwash George up ahead, and the latter came back, cursing him until he saw the gold.

Hanging to the roots were nuggets of pure gold, from coffee-bean size to that of marbles, and the hole from which they had come was full of the same. They pulled up other clumps, filling their pockets, their kerchiefs and their hats, until they were weighted down.

This was it; this was the Klondike,

Packer Jack in front of his cabin at Skaguay, 1898.



where "experts" had told the chechakos to go. Siwash George staked off Discovery, which actually belonged to the brother-in-law, and then helped the latter stake off a claim for himself and his brother, "Cultus Charlie."

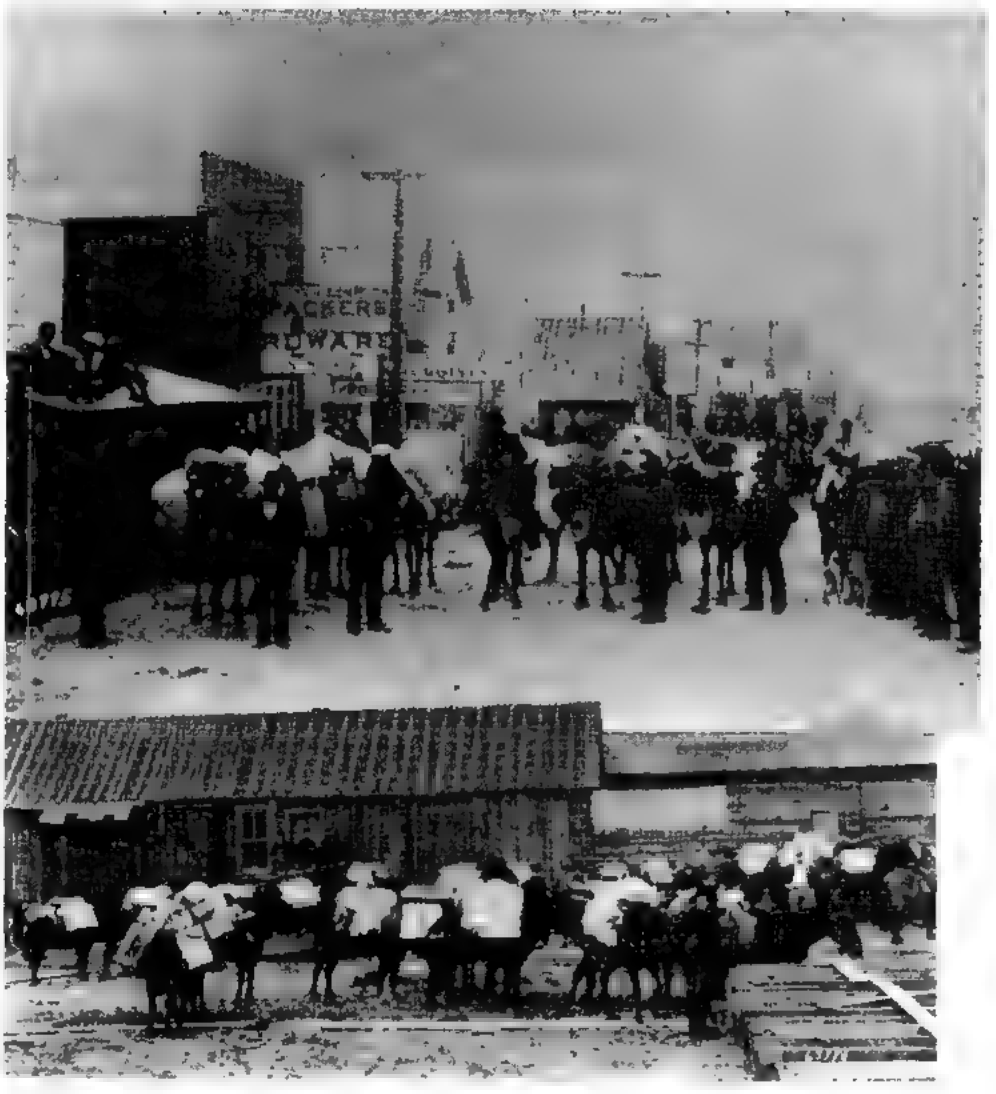
Let Packer Jack Newman tell the rest. "I knew both men, Henderson and Siwash George. The following day the entire Siwash camp moved to the gold field. The news got to Dawson, and everyone left there, leaving the doors of the stores and saloons swinging wide open. Old saloon wenches pulled sleds like dogs, being promised shares.

"Of all this excitement Jim Henderson knew nothing. It required three days for him to get his bedding deloused, and though the mob of gold-seekers were just over the ridge, the wind was blowing the wrong way for him to hear a sound, and snow fell, still further deadening the air. When at last he was through cleaning up after his stinking visitors, he went to the top of the ridge and looked down. As far as he could see the gulch was filled with moving figures. He saw that he had missed again. He walked down the other side of the ridge and talked to a man who had no shovel, and was scooping up gold in buckets. The man told him that he would have staked off a claim for him, but had thought he was farther up the gulch in the 'rich' diggings. Jim took his mule and went upriver.

"Siwash George shed his filthy skins and bought broadcloth suits by the dozen. He had a carload of Havana cigars brought in and gave them to his tribesmen in exchange for quit-claims to their gold. At the same time he shed the skins he shed his klooches, and took up with two blonde sisters from Chicago. He claimed nobility, developed an accent, and wore a monocle. Each time he changed suits he also changed watches and jewelry. All over the world people sent messages to the great man, who was hailed as an empire builder with great foresight, education and ability. Songs were written about him, and sung by school children in many lands, and penniless British nobility tried to claim kinship with hopes of bounty. Siwash George, however, demanded two dollars in services for every dollar spent.

"Jim Henderson, being the kind of man he was, never envied or hated the squaw-man. He always said, 'I've got an unlucky star.' Everyone knew the story, and if he had killed the adopted Siwash he would have been set free unanimously. He scraped around over abandoned claims and managed to feed himself and his mule with the crumbs. One night he rode the mule to Dawson with a few grains of gold, but found he had to dismount to go around the crowds gathered for a celebration in honor to the great man, who came along escorting his harem. Micah Brown, who ran a general store, weighed the gold and said, 'Ninety-eight cents here, Jim. It'll buy a plug of tobacco.' 'Plug o' terbaccer, Micah?' Jim asked. 'Well, hand it over.' Then he gave a kind of cough, and plunged head-first to the floor.

"A Siwash who had been buying up nearly everything in the store for his wife and papooses knelt down and put his ear to Jim's chest and said, 'Him heart no beat. Henderson dead.' They took Jim out across some vacant lots and buried him. The muck had to be heated first, and they simply put him in his blanket and rolled him in the hole. The Siwash Indians who did the work got his mule and tools, for they were poor, having got nothing for their claims but cigars. The rest of the story you know."



The rest of the story I did know. Old Bill Adams was a sailing ship man who wrote haunting stories of the sea for *Adventure* magazine—also ballads that had Conrad's work beat a mile. Bill wrote me that he was going to Alaska on a vacation, and I told him to be sure to visit Newman at Seattle. The year was 1920, the time the late summer, and when Jack told Adams this story—and that Micah Brown still ran the same store—he was determined to see the place. "I'll go with you," Jack told him, and that was how it came about.

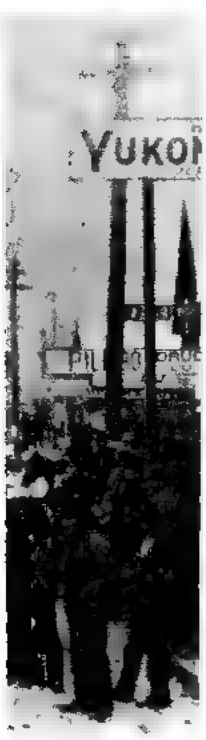
Micah Brown showed them the spot where Henderson had died, right before the counter "He had starved to death," said Micah, "yet he was responsible for the Klondike Gold Rush. It was Fate that led him to put off going over the ridge until the squaw-man and his half-wit came to see him. It was his great heart that killed him, and if they had not loused up his bunks so that he had to clean them he would have made his first—and only—gold strike, and a monstrous one it was. Want to see his tombstones?"

"Tombstones?" asked Bill.

"Yes—there are a lot of them," replied Micah. They went out the back door, over the same route that Henderson had been carried by the Siwashes. Now there were no vacant lots to cross, and after they had gone through several back alleys they came to a pile of tin cans two stories high, refuse from restaurants all around. "Somewhere under those cans is the grave of Henderson—the unluckiest man who ever lived," said Micah Brown.

JOHN (PACKER JACK) Newman had learned his profession the hard way. During the late eighties and early nineties he had run a mule train into Colorado winter and summer, carrying supplies for the government to Indian tribes and far apart settlements. "Sometimes these trips covered 600 miles or more," he told me, "and I packed in to Ouray, Colorado, dodging wild bands of Utes who were determined to get something for nothing."

Jack and I were kindred spirits in a way, for he had raft-boated on the Mississippi before coming to the West. On the lower river he was called "the Irish Creole," but this was due to the fact that in that time many Irish were coming into



Above: Newman's pack-mules near the summit of White Pass on the way to the Klondike. Each mule carries from 400 pounds upward. Dead Horse Gulch lies at the bottom of this pass. Left, both photos: Packer Jack's mule train being loaded for the trail at Skaguay.

the country, and a Swiss—which he was—was unheard of. Ahead of all the gold-mad people he emigrated to Alaska when the first news of the phony gold discovery on the Yukon came by way of San Francisco gamblers. These men had gathered up all the small pokes when the "strike" suddenly petered out, and returned home to sell their "claims" when excitement was at its height.

Like Henderson, he soon learned that only a small pocket of gold had caused the rush. Then, when the Klondike was discovered, he knew that the flood would come through Skaguay, over the Chilkoot, and lost no time getting there. This was the beginning of his saga. D. E. Griffith, the official historian of the Alaska-Yukon Pioneers, told me, "I knew Packer Jack Newman, as I did other packers on the Skaguay Trail in 1897. I probably saw him every day for a month while I was on that trail, but cannot boast an intimate acquaintance." Now Jack's great experience as a packer in Colorado came into its own, and he was at once made the chief operator for the Brooks Packing Company.

"Gold seemed to be everywhere," Packer Jack told me, "and Skaguay became like Independence, Missouri, in the pioneer days. It was the focal point for all departures to the gold fields. On Chilkoot Pass our mule trains passed gigantic Missourians and Kentuckians carrying packs as large as those loaded on mules. It was unbelievable almost, to see them bearing up under such loads, and they were also assisting weaker members who had stopped on the trail. It was a savage, frozen country, where death came easily and in many cases was welcomed. Since Dawson's strike the rich fields had spread out farther. Big Swedes without brains enough to boil coffee had come up from the canneries on the coast, and there was much merriment when they staked out the moose pastures which had been passed up by old-timers versed in the art of finding gold. The first picks they swung brought up solid nuggets, and it was found that beneath the pastures there was almost a carpet of gold. Men were standing around to make fun when the digging started, and when one Swede said, 'Ay tank ay dig here,' men got down on the ground and rolled with laughter. The laughing stopped when the gold came up, and some of the same *experts* went to work for the Swedes when the latter bought the canneries. The location and extent of gold found in Alaska put a dent in all preconceived notions of how and where the metal should be found."

Packer Jack's relief from the muleskinning job was a man named Ross Steiner. Both lived in the same cabin at Skaguay, and when one was at home the other was on the trail. One day Jack came home and found Steiner dead, killed by his own hand, as his revolver lay on the floor. "Alaska, with its loneliness and solitude, bred suicide," said Packer Jack.

But the Vigilantes thought there might be something wrong, and placed the Packer on the stand in the Masonic Hall at Skaguay. Ross Steiner had been a Mason. "Silly me; I got up and talked for my life," Jack told me. "If they had known how little I cared they wouldn't have placed me on trial in that kangaroo court. I had picked up a creed in the Ute country that I followed at all times. It was this, 'When they get me, *they get nothing*,'" said the Packer. The upshot of it all was that Jack was freed, and went back to his mules.

BUT Ross Steiner wasn't enough. "An itinerant painter came up from the States and I gave him a home. He lived there for months, and painted some wonderful Alaska scenes and put them up on the walls of the cabin. I thought a lot of him but he, too, got to brooding. I had an extra revolver hanging on the wall for his protection, for I had had trouble with thieves more than once, and one day he took it down and blew out his brains. I thought that this was too much; he lay there on the floor just where I had found Ross, so I told the Vigilantes to come down and look at him. They said, 'No, Jack, you bury him.'

"The mules were like the people up there," the Packer told me. "They had the same ideas, but they didn't brood; they acted. Three thousand of them went to their deaths off the White Pass Trail, at Dead Horse Canyon. That is why we gave it that name. The majority of the deaths were accidental, owing to the animals getting too close to the edge of the cliff, and the snow giving way beneath them. There were some, however, who died like Ross Steiner. I recall that I had two on one trip, Mollie and Jenny, and they had been raised together on a Missouri farm, and refused absolutely to be separated. They were both strong, big animals, which was why they lived longer than most. We packers always weeded out those weaker by removing their packs and shoving them over a cliff, and I estimate that one-third of the three thousand died that way. If I were a religious man instead of a fatalist, I believe I'd answer for that.

"Blood and ice were the mixtures on the deadly White Pass. It was fifty below zero and a blizzard was raging when I lost Mollie and Jenny. You may picture to yourself a mule loaded with 400 pounds on a trail under such conditions as that; a trail that a mountain goat would find hard going. We often fed the mules at Skaguay and then drove them clear through to Lake Bennett without another bite to eat. Hay sold for ten cents a pound and we tried to do our best by the owners. We often left the saddles on after we unloaded them to keep the Mounted Police from seeing the saddle-sores on their backs, for the Mounted were humane men and forbade the animals taking the trail again until the

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Mollie Walsh, when she was a dance-hall girl in Butte, Montana, before she went to the Klondike. Inscription written by Packer Jack.

sores healed. In such cases we simply took the mules out and shot them.

"On the day that Mollie and Jenny died we were above Dead Horse Gulch, down which the Skaguay River ran in the warm season. I had not fed Mollie at Skaguay before we left, and her back was covered with sores, and she weakened. I unpacked her and shoved her over the cliff, and when she went down she let out a scream. Jenny was leading the train up ahead on the slippery trail and when she heard Mollie she faltered and stopped the train. She had always been my strongest and most faithful worker, which was why I had made her the leader. She looked back and saw Mollie gone and me standing by the pack. Then slowly and deliberately, keeping her eyes on me all the time, she backed to the edge of the cliff and slipped over and, with a scream such as Mollie had made, went to her death in the gulch below. In after weeks and months I saw many others do the same thing, but it didn't affect me as much, for I knew I had killed her when I killed her friend. It started me to thinking, and I knew that some day I would follow in the same path as she did, and Mollie, and Ross Steiner and the painter of scenery.

"We drove them, we starved them, we beat them, and when they couldn't carry the loads on top of their maggoty sores, we killed them," the Packer told me. "Because of the Klondike Gold Rush animals died by the thousands, and men lost their reason. In the spring of the year when the Skaguay River flowed again the bones of mules were so thick in the canyon that the river changed its course. The only bright piece of life I ever knew was below the summit of the White Pass Trail."

THIS was Mollie Walsh, the dance-hall girl from Butte, Montana. Mollie was a beautiful young girl twenty-four years of age when the rat race for gold began. She had a rescue camp below the summit, and had saved many a man from the blizzards. She befriended the friendless, sheltered the homeless, fed the hungry, and cheered the downcast. Huge coffeepots simmered on the sheet-iron stove inside the windblown tent, and "she saved my life," said the Packer.

By night, snow-blind and with both hands frozen, Packer Jack had staggered down the trail behind his pack-train. One of Mollie's beneficiaries had found him and half-carried him to the rescue tent, where hot and cold applications had brought back his sight, and snow massages had brought his hands to life. The Packer was properly grateful, but was also charmed, and in after days pressed his courtship. She wanted him to leave the north, but he wasn't ready to go.

Griffith said, "Jack had a crush on Mollie, but Mike Bartlett of the Bartlett Brothers, another packing outfit, won her heart." When the two moved to Seattle, the Aurora Borealis had no more charm for the Packer. He had grubstaked many a poor prospector, and the last one struck it rich, with the result that Newman took his share and also moved to Seattle. It was the mecca for Alaskan supplies, and Jack went into that business, utilizing his great experience.

Old-time residents of Seattle will tell you of the munificence of Packer Jack Newman. There was hardly an enterprise connected with the city in which he did not take a prominent part. When donations were needed he was always right at hand. Usually when approached by the promoters of some project which had to do with the public good he would say, "How much do you need to finish it?" and, when informed, would hand over a check for the amount.

I learned of this first hand. At one time I had written and sold a couple of articles about him, and he wrote and asked me how much I had been paid for them. He said, "I am not nosy, but interested." When I told him the amount, he sent me a check for ten times the size of the check I had received, along with a note saying, "That's a hell of a way to pay a good writer for publicizing an old man."

The night of October 28, 1902 was a cool one in Seattle. It was not only cool, but cold. Packer Jack, hurrying along the street on the way home from a banquet at which he had been one of the principal speakers, pulled his overcoat collar up about his ears and turned his thoughts toward the cold night when he

Along the slushy streets of Seattle were piled the supplies that went to the Yukon in 1897-98. A short distance away Mollie Walsh was shot to death by Mike Bartlett.

had almost lost his hands from frostbite on the White Pass.

"I was thinking about Mollie, and wondering how things had turned out for her," he wrote me many years later. "I hadn't seen her for years, but had heard that Mike had become a gambler, and an unfortunate one at that." A mist had come in from the sea, and swirled about the cold yellow street lights when the Packer turned a corner and passed an alleyway. Just then he heard a muffled shout, a scream, and a pistol shot. "I hurried down the narrow way and finally approached a figure that was lying on the cobbles," the Packer told me. "It was a woman, all huddled up, and I knew she who lay dead in my arms. As I looked in the street and raised her head into my lap.

"I knew then why my thoughts had turned to Mollie on this night for it was she who lay dead in my arms. As I looked into her face in the poor light afforded I could see that she had led a hard life in the short time after leaving Alaska. I had known Mike Bartlett's nature, and had warned her against marrying him, but she thought it was only jealousy—and some of it was. But now Mike had killed her, after leading her a checkered life."

At Mike Bartlett's trial several people who had known both him and Mollie testified, and it was brought out that Mike was a ne'er-do-well. The Packer told the judge and the world about his love for Mollie Walsh. Said the King of the Klondike, "I loved her then, and I love her yet. She was the only good thing connected with the Gold Rush. Her character was spotless among the rough men with whom she associated. Any one of them would have given his life for her. She was as pure as the snow upon the glaciers. What Mike made of her I do not know, but I loved her then, and I love her yet." Mike Bartlett was one of the first murderers in the West to plead not guilty by reason of insanity. Perhaps he was insane. At least the jury thought so, and let him go free.

A quarter of a century later the Packer entered into the controversy of the dead mules on the White Pass Trail. The Ladies of the Golden North, auxiliary to the Yukon Pioneers, proposed to erect a monument to the mules. One of their posters advertising their purpose was captioned "Friends of Mankind."

"What a joke," said the Packer. "They were not our friends. They hated mankind, and with good reason. We murdered them in order to get out the gold."

The ladies asked the King of the Klondike to make what changes were necessary, and he did so, designing the monument which was erected on the White Pass. He changed "Friends of Mankind" to "The Lust for Gold."

The monument to the mules, paid for by Newman, depicts two of them with full packs against a bank of snow, with the caption, THE DEAD ARE SPEAKING: "In memory of us three thousand pack-mules who laid our bones on these awful hills during the gold rush of 1897-98. We now thank those listening souls that heard our groans across the stretch of years. We waited, but not in vain." The Packer had prepared a much stronger statement, but settled for one which left out "Friends of Mankind."

The bust of Mollie Walsh followed that of the mules, and was also erected on the White Pass. The whole proceeding was heralded in newspapers across the land, and the Packer furnished a thrill.

(Continued on page 59)

A PATRON SAINT AND A LITTLE BACKING

BY MARIA A. VASQUEZ

Photos Courtesy Author

Farmers have always needed both—and always will. In Doña Ana when heaven withheld its blessings, Herman Wertheim was there to take up the slack!

A tousled, blond youth, speaking poor Spanish and not much better English, appeared unexpectedly one day in the village of Dona Ana, six miles north of Las Cruces, New Mexico, peddling *santos* and religious pictures. He was Herman Wertheim, a recent immigrant from Germany, homeless and friendless, and the hearts of the villagers went out to him in sympathy.

It was the beginning of a long friendship between the young foreigner and the people of the predominantly Spanish-American village. Within a few years, Wertheim would come back to establish a store and remain in Dona Ana until his death in 1956, at the age of ninety-three.

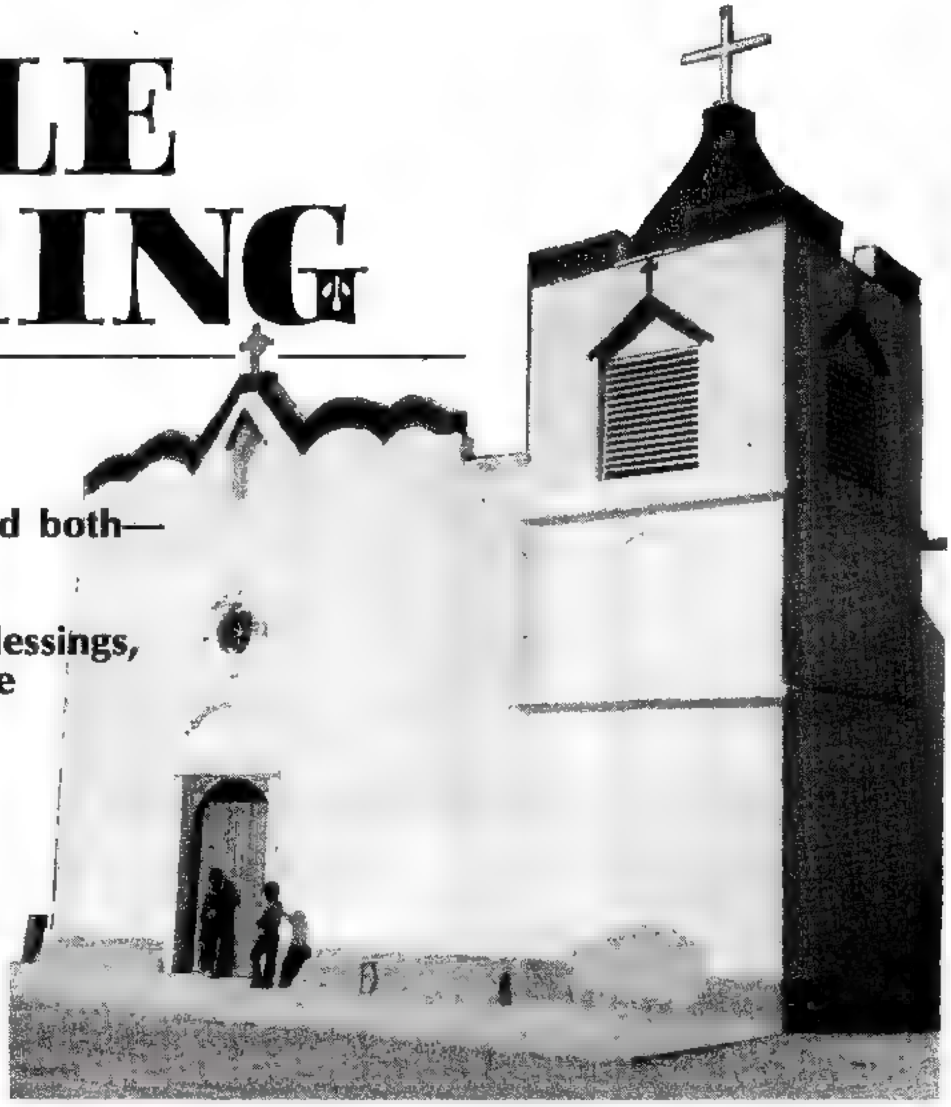
Today, he is remembered for his leadership in plans and ideas for the betterment of the village. The Dona Ana public school, a sturdy, red-brick building designed to suit Wertheim's Old World concept of school architecture, is an enduring memorial of his efforts to improve education. But it is also his personal kindnesses and interest in the welfare of the villagers through the years that have kept Wertheim's memory alive.

In 1880, when Wertheim first wandered into Dona Ana, he came into a close-knit rural community of about 600 people, original settlers and descendants of families who had built their adobe homes on the Dona Ana Bend Colony Grant of 1839, during the Mexican period. Although the Apaches had done their best to drive away the colonists, Dona Ana became the first permanent settlement in southern New Mexico.

The villagers raised fruit, forage, garden crops, and livestock on their small farms, and fought alternating droughts and floods. Yet sometimes San Ysidro, the patron saint of farmers, whose image was borne in religious processions through the fields each year, blessed their labor with bountiful production—more than they could use or exchange with each other. That's where young Herman Wertheim entered the picture.

Storekeepers had come and gone in Dona Ana; none stayed very long. The village needed a place where farmers could market their extra produce in return for other necessities. And young Wertheim, who was looking for a place to settle down, recognized the opportunity to benefit both himself and the villagers.

Excitement was high that day in 1890, when Wertheim opened the doors of his store on Dona Ana's main street, in the adobe building which now houses the post office. Everyone came to examine the merchandise. Shy señoritas, accompanied by their mothers, furtively touched the full-skirted dresses, gaily-trimmed hats, and ruffled petticoats, at the same time casting blushing glances at the handsome young proprietor. They listened in silence while their mothers argued over the exorbitant price of $1 for a pair of shoes and 50 cents a yard for coarse dress material.



Fiestas and church activities sponsored by Our Lady of Purification Mission were generously supported by Doña Ana pioneer merchant Wertheim. The church, built in the 1840s, is the oldest in southern New Mexico and has been suggested for preservation as an historic landmark.

It was a typical country store, with an assortment of wares, from salt and tobacco to ready-to-wear and household items. The air was always pungent with the smells of fruits and vegetables, cheese, onions, and garlic. Just inside the door, big wooden buckets of licorice sticks, gumdrops, and peppermints were the special delight of the children, whose pennies magically multiplied when Wertheim counted out the sweets for them.

Since few men worked for wages and cash was scarce, Wertheim encouraged the villagers to bring in their farm produce to trade. A batch of butter or a dozen eggs was always good for a couple yards of cloth, shoes, tea, or sugar. The system worked well to provide more comforts of life for the villagers; and Wertheim, who managed somehow to market what he took in, prospered so that through the years he acquired land and stock for a farm.

THE STORE soon became a meeting place. After a day's work in the fields, men would stop for some tobacco or candy and linger to exchange news with each other and the store owner. Wertheim made them welcome and his kindly interest in their affairs inspired mutual trust and confidence.

He would listen as the old men reminisced about the past, when Victorio and other Apaches came down from the mountains to raid their fields and stock, and American soldiers, quartered in the village, marched on morning parade—and about gay days of *fiestas* and *bailes* and Sunday afternoon bullfights.

Sometimes they talked together of current events—their New Mexican friends in Cuba with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders or the building of Elephant Butte Dam, seventy miles north, which would end their fears of the treacherous Rio Grande's floods. They debated statehood for New Mexico or exchanged views on war in Europe and world happenings.

When local problems were discussed, as they often were, the evening gatherings were like a town council meeting. Wertheim's progressive ideas were most influential in this area, where he assumed a position of leadership.

The talk centered one night, for instance, on the need for maintaining peace and order in the village. "Let's do something about it," said Wertheim. "We need a judge and constable in Dona Ana."

Turning to Don Francisco Ledesma, who was respected for his knowledge of law, Wertheim asked, "How about it, Pancho? Would you like to be judge?"

Don Pancho agreed and Guadalupe Abeyta and Maximiano Garcia, dependable citizens who could be trusted to carry out their orders, were chosen as constables.

The first jail was just a one-room iron cage, located near the cemetery, and those who had the misfortune to be imprisoned there said the weird, dark enclosure was haunted. They told of hearing low moans and seeing a ghost rise from the graveyard, linger near the door of the cell as if to open it, then pass on into the night.

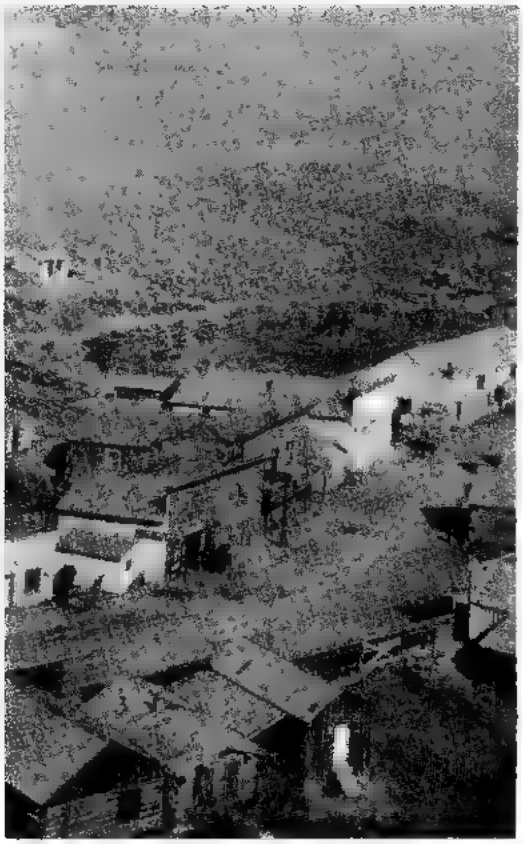
The rumors about the spirit-visits may have helped to keep down the crime rate, but Wertheim knew the jail was not a proper place of detention. So he arranged with authorities in Las Cruces to have malefactors from Dona Ana lodged in the jail in the county seat. The unused iron cage stood, perhaps as a reminder to evil-doers, for a dozen or more years and then disappeared. Today, no one can recall—or wants to—what finally happened to it.

The poor condition of the village school was another common topic of conversation in the meetings in Wertheim's store. The little two-room adobe building, surrounded by mesquite thickets, was not big enough to accommodate the growing number of children, and it had no facilities—not even a water supply. Each child

(Continued on page 65)

Herman Wertheim (below), a German-Jewish immigrant, passed through Dona Ana in 1880, as a peddler. Because of his friendly reception, he returned to spend the rest of his life in the predominantly Spanish-American village. Today the post office occupies the quarters of his old store (left, top). As a member of the school board he was instrumental in the promotion and design of the school (left, bottom) completed in 1916.

Snowslides could wreck them, but not wipe them out. It took the slide of silver to rock bottom prices to bury the



Photos both pages Courtesy Beaverhead County Historical Museum

LION MOUNTAIN

BY GRACE ROFFEY PRATT

Photos Courtesy Author

IN southwestern Montana, about halfway between Dillon and Butte and to the west of the little town of Melrose, Lion Mountain stretches lonesomely under the warmth of summer suns and the chill of winter snows. Few are left to remember when the Lion really roared, beginning a full century ago. The mines, which gave it life, were located no great distance below its 11,000-foot peak. Along the rough, narrow, steep, twisting road that connected them with the valley below were five lively mining camps and numerous scattered dwellings.

Of the camps, Trapper City came first, then Glendale, Greenwood, Norwood, Lion City and Hecla where the mines were located. So impressive was the Alpine beauty surrounding the upper camps that the place came to be called the Switzerland of America. Altogether there were 5,000 people and hundreds of horses and mules at work. The Lion was a busy, prosperous mountain.

Before the coming of the railroad, ore was freighted by wagon to Corinne, Utah, a distance of about 370 miles. Two, sometimes three, were hooked together, the trail wagon being lighter than the others and containing horse feed, the grub box, a small cooking outfit, bedrolls and a tarpaulin. From four to ten teams were used, depending on the number of wagons and the weight of the load. The teamsters were mostly young men, proud of their ability to cope with a jerk line and aware of the envy of the small boys who watched them.

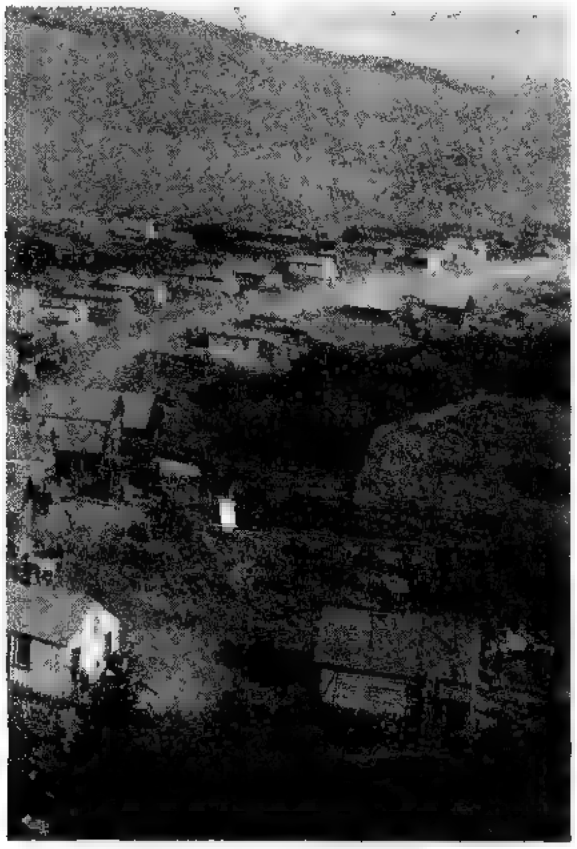
Mrs. Frank Chinn, in speaking of her husband, said, "Frank was born in Glendale. In his youth he pulled the jerk line over sixteen horses at once."

After the railroad was built, Melrose became the shipping point for Lion Mountain ores.

Early in the mining history of the district, Noah Armstrong located or otherwise obtained the Cleopatra, True Fissure, Atlantis, Hecla, Cleve, Avon, Franklin, and other mines and prospects. In 1875 he and Charles L. Dahler built the first smelter in Glendale. It was a small plant with a twenty-ton per day capacity, which was remodeled and enlarged several times afterwards. Two years after building the smelter, Armstrong sold out to Eastern buyers and the Hecla Consolidated Mining Company was formed. Armstrong stayed for awhile as superintendent and later was replaced by Henry Knippenberg. A concentrator was built at Greenwood.

Charcoal was the principal fuel used in the old-style blast furnaces. Brick kilns were built for the process of turning green wood into charcoal. Immense amounts were used and wood hauling became an industry in itself. Because of the steepness of the hills, chutes were made to shoot the logs down the mountainsides. At the bottom the logs were cut into four-foot sticks and taken to the kilns by muleback. A muleback load was usually twelve good-sized sticks.

Most of the charcoal burners were Italians who lived in cabins close to their



Far left: Glendale smelter, taken from an old stereoscopic view card. Left: Glendale, from the west, 1890s. Right: Part of Hecla, showing the mill, about 1880.

SILVER CAMPS

work. They were a cheerful, industrious and peaceable people. Only one found tending the kilns too tame and attempted to spice up life by irregular methods. For some reason he took a dislike to a miner who lived at Hecla. One night he carefully planted several sticks of dynamite under the miner's cabin, lighted the fuse and ran. With a bang and a shudder the cabin collapsed but the murder plan failed. The miner happened not to be at home. The would-be assassin was found and strongly advised to leave Lion Mountain, which he did pronto.

IT IS CLAIMED that Trapper City and Lion City were towns of pine shanties and tents, and that when it rained or when it was the time of melting snows, both men and mules floundered around in mud up to their knees. But Hecla and Glendale had substance. Glendale even had class.

The first social centers there, as in most western mining camps, were the saloons. Glendale's first saloons were tents with rough boards laid across whiskey barrels for bars. But tents soon gave way to sturdy buildings when the ore wagons, returning from Corinne, brought in handsomely carved back bars and highly polished mahogany serving counters.

The first miners were young, unattached men, but families with children soon followed, giving the camp an air of permanence. A two-room school was built and A. F. Rice, who later established a business college at Butte, was one of the teachers.

Glendale had at least one church, good stores, hotels, restaurants, all the usual places of business, but as an extra there was the opera house. When the Golden Belt Company, the Bosedale Dramatic Players, and other traveling theatrical troupes put on plays there, they drew capacity crowds. On show nights people from Hecla and other Lion Mountain towns flocked into Glendale to enjoy a type of entertainment usually found only in the larger cities. Sometimes, after a play, there was a free dance that went on until dawn.

Dances were held at Hecla. Mrs. Chinn said that she and other young folks would ride horseback the ten miles over steep mountain roads to Hecla, dance all night and ride back to Glendale in the morning. She remembered that although there were plenty of saloons there, drinking at dances was frowned upon and there was very little of it.

Glendale had the usual homegrown entertainment—church socials, Sunday School picnics, school programs, card parties and those featuring charades. Glendale's younger set, and some not so young, could boast also that they went roller skating on the biggest skating rink in the northwest. The rink, located atop a hill overlooking the town, would have done credit to Butte or Seattle.

But the real show place of Glendale was the Knippenberg Mansion. It was built in 1881 by Henry Knippenberg who used only the best of materials and employed the finest craftsmen. Outside the dormer windows and cupola was a trim of intricate wood carvings. Inside, the stairways and arches were also elaborately

decorated. There were six beautifully designed fireplaces, though each bedroom was heated with a stove. A whole row of chimneys along the back of the house made an impressive appearance. Only two of the chimneys were visible from the front. Doorknobs were of sterling silver; drapes were rich red, long and luxurious. Floors were covered with the finest of Brussels carpets and every clothes closet was lined with cedar. Mrs. Knippenberg was said to have been a gracious hostess but allowed smoking only in the cupola where a smoking room was provided. In front of the mansion was a rock retaining wall.

HORSE RACING has always been a favorite sport but few mining towns ever went in for it to the extent Glendale did. Noah Armstrong, who in his mining days made a hobby of horse racing, sponsored several races on the Glendale track.

Among Montana's horse set the name Armstrong is still remembered. In the early 1880s he bought a fine stock ranch near Twin Bridges some forty miles from Glendale where he raised and trained race horses. He built a horse barn such as had not been seen in the valley before, nor has there been another like it since. A huge circular creation, it was three graduated stories tall, painted red with white trim, and could be seen for miles. Inside were box stall, feed rooms, saddle room and a circular track sufficiently large for exercising the horses during bad weather.

According to one story, Armstrong bought a mare of fine race stock somewhere in Oregon. She was heavy with foal but he expected to get her to the ranch in time for the foal to be born there. He put the mare on a train and rode in the boxcar with her. The train stopped briefly in Spokane, Washington and while there, the mare foaled. Armstrong named the colt "Spokane" in honor of the city of its birth. (Another version is that the colt was born on the Montana ranch.)

Early in his training, the swift-footed Spokane gave promise of becoming a great racer. When he was a three-year-old, Armstrong took him to Louisville and entered him in the Kentucky Derby. There on May 9, 1889 Spokane, with T. Kiley as jockey, won the Derby, the only Montana horse ever to win that honor. Naturally the little city of Glendale claimed a share of the glory that Spokane brought to the state. Wasn't it Lion Mountain money that had made it possible?

Unfortunately, the young horse's racing days were soon over. It is said he won one more important race, but in his next, with Jim Dempsey, a seventeen-year-old Montana lad as jockey, Spokane stumbled and fell. Young Dempsey was thrown and killed. Spokane, too, must have sustained a serious injury, for he did not race again. He was retired to the Montana ranch and remained there until he died. Armstrong had a pair of cuff links made from Spokane's eye-teeth.

The big circular barn still stands, a well preserved landmark for more than eighty years.

Circular barn built in early 1880s by Noah Armstrong. Located two miles northeast of Twin Bridges, Montana. The third story may have been used as a lookout, as horse thieves were numerous. The extension to the right was added later.

AT TIMES, on the upper reaches of Lion Mountain, snow has been known to accumulate to a depth of from forty to sixty feet and the steepness of the mountain slopes are conducive to snowslides.

Snowslides are unpredictable and it is not always certain where one will occur or where one will not. Once a small one had taken out a part of the shaft house at the Atlantis mine. A Chinese cook had been in the building, had heard the slide coming, and had ducked under a stove. Several hours were required to free him from his cramped position but he was unhurt, just badly frightened. But that was at Hecla. There had never been a slide at Lion City that anyone could remember and the good-sized trees growing on the mountainside must have given a sense of security.

Snowfall in November 1892 was heavier than usual. In Lion City, where steps had been cut into the 45-degree mountainside to aid the miners in getting from one part of town to another, the snow was a hindrance but no one was apprehensive. But one night, late in the month, there was a sudden roar and hundreds of tons of snow came tearing down the mountain where a slide had never occurred before. It caught four men in its path and buried them ten feet deep. Others, who had barely escaped, rushed to dig out their companions. They found one man alive, the other three dead.

Thirty miners provided an escort for the victims, who were taken down to Melrose and placed on the train to be sent to their families for burial. Their task completed, the miners returned to Lion City, arriving there in the night and only minutes after another slide had buried two men in the street and had crushed the cabin where Nick Bergstrum and his family were asleep. Again the miners worked fast and methodically, shoveling away the snow, and soon freed the two men outside who were not badly injured. In what was left of the cabin, Nick Bergstrum and two of his children were found dead. They were thought to have died instantly. Mrs. Bergstrum, who had been sleeping alongside her husband, and one child were taken out alive but in poor condition. Mrs. Bergstrum later died of her injuries. Apparently the child lived.

That second snowslide brought orders from Superintendent Knippenberg for Lion City to be evacuated with all possible speed. Some 400 people lived in the little town, most of them miners who could not afford the luxury of keeping a horse, as horse feed had to be freighted in and was very costly. Moving out of camp in a hurry was therefore a problem. Telephone lines had been swept away by the slide, but Mr. Knippenberg rode to Glendale, where most freighters kept their horses, and told what had happened. Shortly teams, wagons, and drivers were on their way to Lion City. By that afternoon the snowslide camp was practically deserted and the families with their necessary belongings were safely down in Glendale.

Mr. Knippenberg then ordered his assistant superintendent Sam D. Baker, to try to dynamite any snow that might still pose a danger. By setting off several heavy charges where the drifts were deepest, he hoped to start an immense slide that would carry the main body of snow down to a harmless slide.

A Butte newspaper of December 2, 1892 stated that such an experiment had never been tried and that its success was far from certain. If it failed, the Hecla mines would be closed down and the miners out of work until spring. If it succeeded it would cause a very considerable damage to valuable Hecla properties. Knippenberg, the paper stated, preferred that to taking chances on further loss of life from avalanches.

How the experiment turned out seems not to have been published, perhaps because the destroyed telephone line left the district in isolation with poor communications with the outside. However, we read of no more snowslide deaths on Lion Mountain.

ANOTHER incident related to Glendale, but with effects that spread all over Beaverhead County and beyond, had its beginning in a violent Lion Mountain storm. It was in January 1883. The day was intensely cold, with a north wind driving the frozen snow in blinding sheets. People in Glendale hud-

The Knippenberg Mansion (above) not long before it was razed. A distant view of the mansion (right) about 1950: almost all the other buildings are gone.

Photos above and right Courtesy Beaverhead County Historical Museum

died around their firesides and few ventured out into the street. Yet, so it was claimed afterwards, John Jessrang, a tinhorn gambler, and V. M. Davidson, a miner, were seen walking out of Glendale together, headed into the wind.

So far as is known, Davidson was never seen alive again. Late that night, Jessrang stumbled into a saloon at Dewey, a small settlement on the Big Hole River about ten miles from Glendale. Both of his feet were badly frozen and he was in a state of exhaustion from his struggle with the storm.

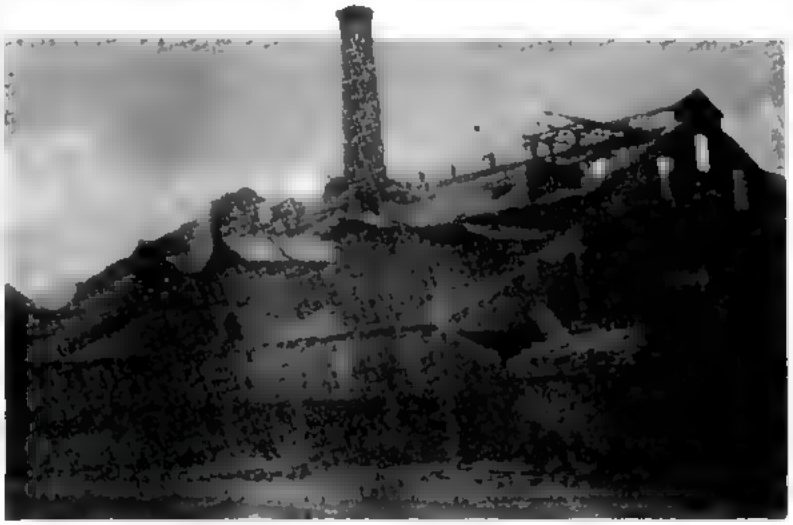
When the blizzard subsided (some claimed the next day) another man from Glendale arrived in Dewey, presumably over the same road Jessrang had traveled, and somewhere along the trail he had discovered the charred bones of a man, partly covered with snow, lying in the ashes of a burned-out brush fire. When the Glendale man found Jessrang in Dewey, ill and unable to walk, he said he had seen him and Davidson leave Glendale together. He accused the gambler of murdering Davidson and trying to hide his crime by burning the body.

Jessrang, suffering the agony that comes when badly frozen members of the body thaw out without proper treatment, may or may not have been lucid. He denied any knowledge of what had happened to Davidson. They had become separated in the storm, he said. As a crowd gathered, curious, excited, hostile with more questions and accusations, Jessrang became confused and said that he and Davidson had not left Glendale together. That fixed his guilt firmly in the minds of those who heard him. Robbery was supposed to have been the motive for the crime. Jessrang had little money on his person, and nothing known to have belonged to Davidson.

Jessrang was arrested and taken to Dillon and placed in the old jail. The condition of his feet deteriorated to such an extent that amputation became necessary, but whether the operation was performed in the jail or elsewhere is not clear. One published report said he lay in his cell "suffering the tortures of hell."

(Continued on page 68)

A recent photo of the charcoal kilns (below), and a closeup of the smelter taken about 1894 (right) in Glendale.



Courtesy Herbert L. Wilkeson

HAUNTED

THE allegedly haunted McDow Waterhole, the Charlie Papworth home, and the Hanging Tree were all located close together on Greens Creek, about five miles northwest out of Alexander and toward Dublin, Texas. Together they combined to make a story that was intriguing down to the hour Charlie Papworth and his son Temple mounted a horse and rode out of the country, never to be seen again.

The events can be fairly well documented up to that time, but from there on they become phantom and ghost-like, requiring each individual to make his own judgment. Temple's story, especially, captures the heart.

Charlie Papworth, his wife Jenny, and two-year-old Temple, arrived with their entire worldly possessions in a covered wagon pulled by oxen about the fifteenth day of May 1860 at the McDow Waterhole. They were from the State of Georgia by way of New Orleans, Louisiana.

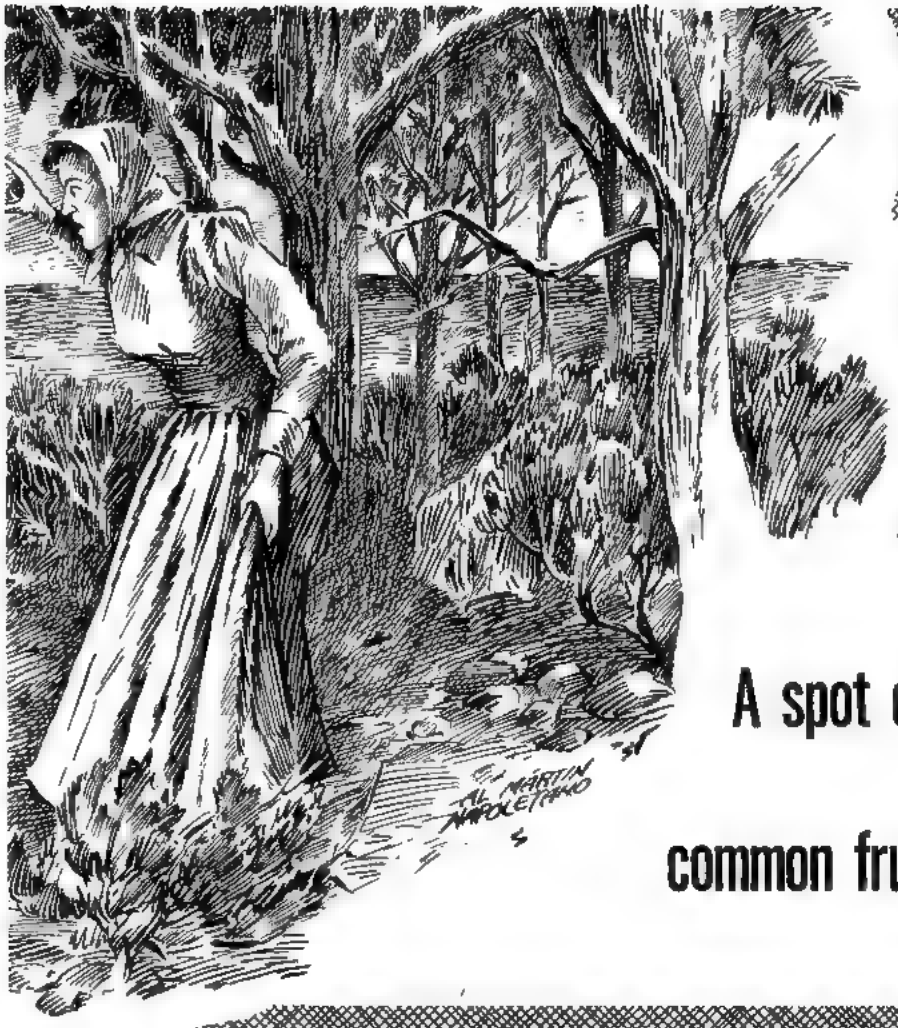
The waterhole where they camped was named after Jim McDow, a relative of Charlie Papworth. They had corresponded for years. Jim had died a short time before they arrived, but his son Jim, Jr., lived there in the community. Perhaps the Papworth family was trying to visit kinfolks and look for greener pastures at the same time.

Charlie cut logs for the neighbors, while Jenny looked after Temple and picked and dried wild berries for the winter. They soon learned the waterhole never went dry, and that the Indians who lurked around were friendly. They liked the place and decided to build a home close by. The land was bought on credit from a man who was really only a squatter.

Charlie Papworth cut down huge trees and split them into logs for the house, and with the help of Bill Keith and Jim McDow erected a good sturdy dwelling. He chinked the cracks with red clay, and built a door out of split logs which hung on heavy iron hinges. The door opened inward and could be bolted and fastened with a split log from inside; this, he believed, would turn the Indians if they ever tried to force their way into the house. Charlie, again with the help of his neighbors, built a fireplace for the house, and these were few and far between at the time. He and Jenny were very proud of this home, and began clearing the land around the house for their yard, then more land in the field so Charlie could commence farming.

During this time they had the good fortune of collecting some money from treasure hunters who wanted to dig for gold and silver on their property. They paid per hole dug and they did a lot of digging over a period of weeks before they gave up and left. However, Charlie and his wife bought several things they needed for the new house with the money, made another payment to the seller of the land, and saved back a little for the arrival of a new baby they were expecting the next year.

Jenny gave birth to a daughter in 1862, their second and last child, and they were all proud of her. Temple had said he wanted a baby sister, and his parents had satisfied him along with themselves.



BY ENNIS FAVORS

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

A spot of legend and goosebumps, death and betrayal— common fruits of the hanging tree...

WATERHOLE

Charlie began farming the following year after he arrived on Greens Creek, and he made average crops for the times. He was able to buy a new team of oxen, a horse and saddle, and several plow tools.

IN 1865 Charlie Papworth's father and mother died. They left their household goods to Charlie and Jenny. These household goods were shipped by railroad to Texarkana, Texas, believed to be the nearest point to where Charlie lived.

Charlie loaded his wagon with a camping outfit, hitched up his oxen and drove off to pick up the household goods in Texarkana, leaving Jenny and the two children behind. However, before he left he made arrangements with Bill Keith and Jim McDow and their wives to look after his Jenny and the children while he was gone, and since they lived fairly close Jenny was not afraid to stay alone.

Charlie Papworth thought he would be gone for six weeks, but had been gone for seven weeks when he returned with his household goods to his home on Greens Creek and was advised that Jenny and his baby daughter had disappeared overnight about three weeks before. Temple was living with Bill Keith and his wife and was fine.

Jim McDow and Bill Keith told Charlie they had gone down to his house early one morning about three weeks before to look in on Jenny and the children, and had found the front door open and the house apparently deserted. After looking around for a little while, they heard a whimpering sound coming from under the bed. It was Temple, who crawled out crying and jabbering, "Mom and Sis left with a man."

The men never could understand anything else the boy tried to tell them, and after a couple of days they quit asking him questions. When he tried to answer, he always cried. They began on their own to try to learn something from other sources about Jenny and the baby disappearing, but had very little information at the time Charlie returned home.

There was a man living in the community named W. P. Brownlow, who always appeared to be much better than he was, and it is fairly certain that he used an assumed name but it is the only one available. He was a loud talker and a big braggart, and liked to recount the various times he had helped hang horse and cow thieves. Brownlow had told everyone and made a big story about Indians kidnapping Jenny and the baby, and had claimed in some conservations to have organized a posse and looked around Comanche, Texas and other points west for the Indian kidnappers but could never find them. It is almost certain that this was merely more big talk and certainly produced no results. Some stories had gone around in the community before that Brownlow was not all he was supposed to be.

Charlie Papworth and Temple, who was about seven years old by then, continued to live in the log house where the family had been so happy before the ill-fated journey to Texarkana. Then one day a neighbor told Charlie that he had seen W. P. Brownlow talking to Jenny near

(Continued on page 53)

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The COURAGE Of Charlotte Martin

"Ma said to just look straight ahead and keep driving, so that's what I done."

BY OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

Above: Down this overgrown road, center of photograph, Charlotte Martin drove her ox team to make camp near the home of Grandpa Carter. Below: This view, south of Jasper, Arkansas, shows the type of country through which the Martin family traveled.

BACK about the time Indian Territory became a state we kids used to beg Dad and Grandpa for stories as we all sat around the roaring fireplace eating peanuts and apples on cold winter nights. One of the favorite stories was the story of the "Ox Driving Girl," as we called her.

Grandpa had lived at Bentonville, Arkansas during the Civil War and his had been one of the many families who had left their homes to get out of the way of the advancing armies getting ready to fight the bloody Battle of Pea Ridge. Grandpa, along with all his near neighbors, had moved up to what was known as the Elkhorn Tavern which was deep in the rugged Ozarks in a valley with plenty of level camping ground. Upon their arrival late one evening my grandparents had pitched camp and settled down for an indefinite stay—so they thought then. Instead Grandma was about to experience the worst night of her life.

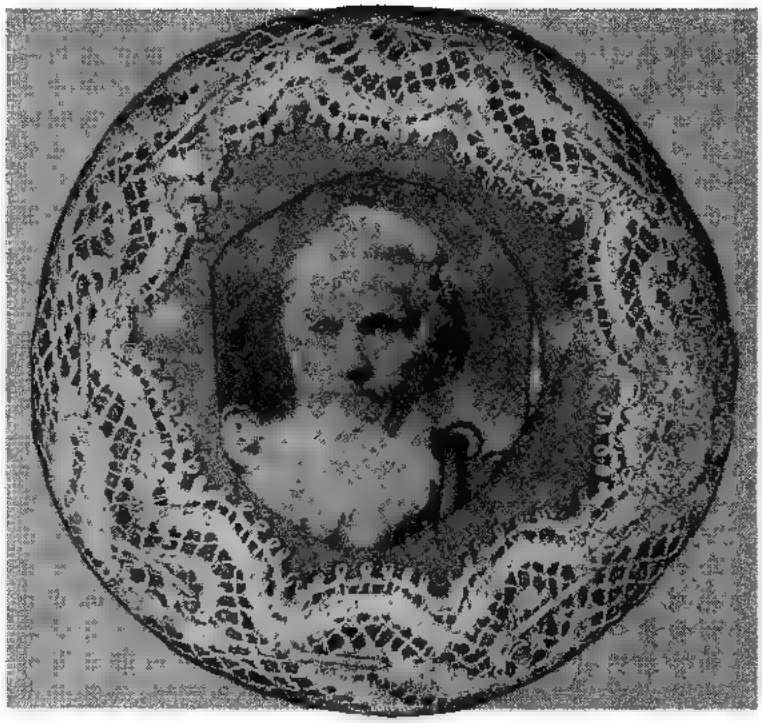
By break of day the next morning she and Grandpa were pitching their belongings back into the covered wagon, and Grandpa was hitching the oxen to the wagon for the trip back home. There were literally hundreds of people camped near the Elkhorn Tavern and forever after Grandma insisted that three-fourths of the men had been drunk that night and a lot of the women, too. Grandma swore the armies couldn't be any worse than the cursing, gambling, drunken mob that was camped at Elkhorn. She preferred taking her chances with the soldiers to the carrying on that she saw in the camp. So back they went to the little cabin near Bentonville.

Soldiers of both armies came and went as the conflict wore on. Grandma tended her babies, a little girl with golden hair called Belle and a tiny son still in his cradle. Often soldiers stopped for a drink at the big cold spring just outside the yard fence and sometimes they came to the house to talk or ask questions; they always played with the golden-haired Belle.

Once when Grandpa had gone to Fayetteville to sell a load of white oak timber which was used to make artillery wheels he had to spend the night on the road. While he was gone, a group of soldiers stopped at the cabin for food. They told Grandma to cook for them. There was no cook stove; all food had to be prepared in the fireplace. Dutch oven after Dutch oven of biscuits and cornpone were baked on the hearth while one of the tired soldiers tended the coals that had to be kept live on the lid of the oven as well as underneath. The men were very respectful and polite and kept assuring Grandma they meant no harm and that they had wives and children of their own. Over and over they apologized for putting her to so much trouble.

Little Belle woke up and was frightened at the strange men in the cabin. One of the soldiers gently lifted her from

Courtesy Arkansas Publicity and Parks Commission



Above: Not far from this old house, which was still standing in 1958, Charlotte made camp. Right: Author's grandfather who told of Charlotte's courage.

her trundle bed and talked to her about having a little girl with blue eyes and golden hair just like hers. Soon the child was laughing and playing with the burly soldiers as they vied for her attention.

The baby slept peacefully in his cradle beside the fireplace until far into the night when he at last roused and smiled sleepily at the watching soldiers. One bearded man put out a big foot and gently rocked the cradle. After a while a soldier asked, "What's the baby's name?" Grandma wearily pushed the damp hair from her forehead and replied, "Jefferson Davis Carter."

There was an electric silence in the tiny room for a moment, then with a flourish of his sword the soldier poised the sharp weapon directly over the baby's throat and said with glittering, hate-filled eyes, "If he were old Jeff Davis, he'd not live three seconds."

The tense moment passed; the other soldiers started talking again, and Grandma started breathing again. For the rest of the long night she cooked for the men who continued to play with little Belle but not once rocked the baby's cradle again the whole night through. At dawn the soldiers rode away.

SHORTLY after the Battle of Pea Ridge the Ox Driving Girl appeared at Grandpa's cabin. Around our fire Grandpa told it this way.

"It was getting on toward dark when this old covered wagon drawn by two big fat oxen pulled up to the yard gate. Tied behind was the poorest old horse with the biggest saddle-sore I ever saw in all my born days. A little slip of a girl, pretty, with beautiful long hair—but so tiny and frail looking you'd never believe she could swing that big bull whip much less drive the oxen—climbed down from the wagon seat and asked if she might make camp by the big spring.

"We watched as some poor little hungry-looking kids crawled out of the wagon. There was eight all told, including the mother Mrs. Martin. They were all girls, ranging from teen-agers to little bitty shavers. I went out and told the folks I'd make a campfire for them and put their oxen and horse in the pasture. The gate was right near the spring and I pointed it out to the girl who had been driving.

" 'Charlotte Martin, sir,' she told me. 'I have no money to pay for pasture so I guess I'll just let 'em graze out here.' I told her she didn't need any money and took the yoke of oxen and put them in the pasture. One of the little girls led the old bony horse behind me.

"Before the campfire got going good, Grandma came out with a great big platter of fried meat and a pan of cornbread and a gallon crock of buttermilk. She told Mrs. Martin that she knew they must all be tired out from riding in the jolting wagon all day, so if they'd just eat this stuff for supper we'd all have time for a good visit before bedtime. 'I get lonesome to talk to womenfolks,' Grandma told them.

"We all sat around the fire and visited till late—about nine o'clock I guess—and then we went on in the house to bed.

"Charlotte and Mrs. Martin had told us of the long trip from their home way up near Newtonia, Missouri to our place. Up around her home in Missouri, Charlotte Martin said, it was getting so bad that they were just afraid to stay there any longer, since her pa had left. 'He told me I'd have to try to take care of the family and I felt like I'd better get away from there. The neighbors all around us were getting shot and killed so I thought I had better get the family away while I still could,' the girl explained. 'Pa is somewhere down here and Ma wants to try and find him. We had some real good neighbors named Brown, Murf Brown, and the Federal soldiers killed Mr. Brown and his crippled boy. The boy was all crippled up bad and couldn't hurt nothing, but they killed him anyway. I went over to the Browns' as soon as I heard about the killings to see if I could help'."

In Charlotte Martin's "Expriences," written fifty years after the war, she put it in these graphic words. "The family had just got back with the two dead bodies: Mr. Brown and his little crippled son. They were lying in a little cart with a blanket over them. I lifted the blanket. I saw large bullet holes in their heads. Flies had got to them and filled the bullet holes, as it was warm weather."

Hers was a journal of hardship. "I do not know how many times we moved in time of war. Mother would take her sheep and I would drive the oxen. I don't wonder at Mother taking the sheep when I think how we would shear the sheep, then card the wool into bats and spin thread, and knit all our stockings and socks and weave all the woolen goods we wore, and knit gloves and scarves to wear on our heads."

Mrs. Martin and Charlotte bore an extra burden in their hearts besides the usual agonies that come to women in war time. The father and husband fought on the side of the North while the son and brother fought for the South. Charlotte's favorite uncle also was a Confederate soldier; so father fought son and brother-in-law.

With the men of the family all gone, Mrs. Martin, Charlotte and seven younger girls were left to shift for themselves. Charlotte was about sixteen at the time of her journey.

ALL about them in their home in Missouri were murder, robbery and other crimes. People died, homes were burned, and livestock killed or driven away. Families were separated and sometimes terribly abused in the very presence of their loved ones. Charlotte's anxiety and concern for her mother and small sisters mounted daily. When the Murf Browns, close neighbors, were wantonly killed, she determined to try to reach Arkansas.

Another neighbor named Frazier had operated a grist mill on Sugar Creek.

(Continued on page 66)

NUGGETS

Photos Courtesy Author

Letters from the author's grandfather, Joe Farren, to his wife in 1912-13. One was written just a few days before his death in the coal mine explosion.

I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

By Charles A. Page

MY GRANDFATHER wrote this letter on Sunday, December 14, 1913 to his wife, Lillie.

"My Darling Lillie:

"Your welcome letter came today and was glad to hear that you were all well. I got my hand hurt over a week ago, but it is better now.

"Haven't been able to do much but have kept on trying and doing what I could. I bought six turkeys and will ship them down either Tuesday the 16th or Wednesday the 17th. Got them for $1.50 each and I thought I might as well take the lot as they would be just as cheap as any other meat. We could give Mama one for a Christmas present from me, and you get that goose for us.

"Now tell the stage driver to be sure and look out for the turkeys for I will ship them Tuesday, and they should be there Wednesday or Thursday sure, and they will need food and water.

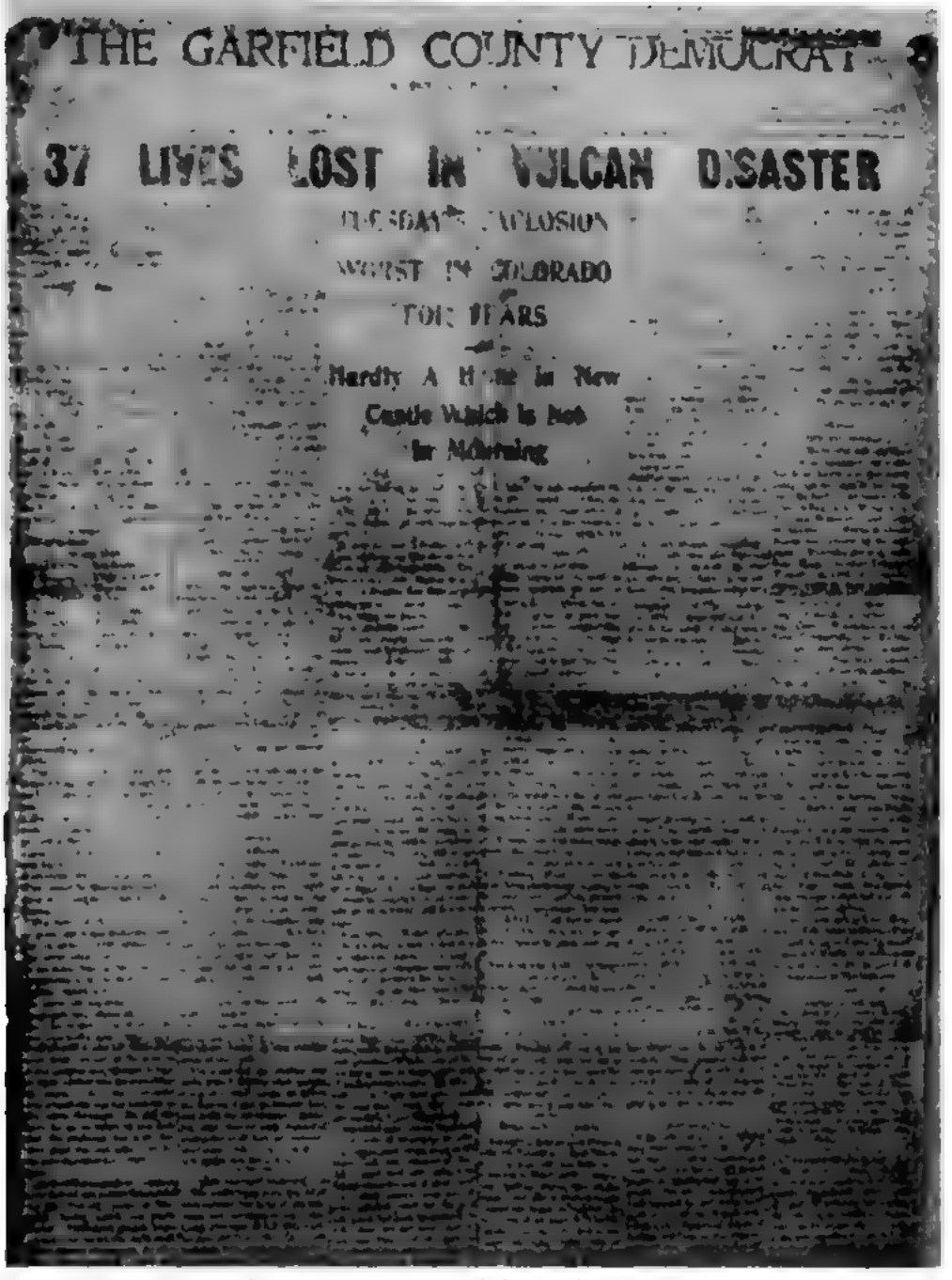
"I will be over about the twenty-first or second.

"Haven't been over town this week. Mrs. H. was O.K., when I saw her a week ago. Think I told you that she asked about you. Guess I can remember all the Christmas gifts you told me to get for the kids. Didn't say what you wanted for yourself. So guess I will have to use my own poor judgment about it.

"Well, dear, I guess that will about say it all for this time. So with lots of love I will close.

"Your Loving Husband
"Joe."

Just two days after Joseph Farren wrote that letter his plans for buying presents for his wife and children, for



THE GARFIELD COUNTY DEMOCRAT

37 LIVES LOST IN VULCAN DISASTER

TUESDAY'S EXPLOSION

WORST IN COLORADO

FOR YEARS

Hardly A Home in New

Castle Which Is Not

In Mourning

Reproduction of newspaper account of the tragic accident.

shipping six live turkeys for food home to Alpine, Colorado, and for arriving there himself on December 21 or 22, were spoiled for all time. Future plans of thirty-six other men, married and single, were also written off.

The December 19, 1913 issue of the *Garfield County Democrat,* published in New Castle, Colorado, told the story on the following day. The lead paragraph revealed no holiday celebration ahead for these men.

"Thirty-seven miners working in the Vulcan Coal Mine, a little over a mile east of New Castle, were caught in an explosion Tuesday morning at 10:20 a.m. The explosion was terrific. Every miner in the lower lift was killed instantly or succumbed a few seconds later to the gases, not having a fighting chance to save his life."

Grandpa's six turkeys may have been in crates at the boarding house where he stayed. He bought no Christmas presents.

HIS WIFE Lillie and four children lived in a cabin at Alpine on Chalk Creek. Joe Farren, just forty-two in 1913, had for several years been all over the coal country trying to make a living for his young family. Letters left behind by my grandmother when she died a few years ago indicated her husband had worked in several coal mines in Colorado, Nevada and Idaho. Before coming to Colorado, he mined in Pennsylvania, having been born at Portage.

Times were tough. In 1908 in Idaho, for example, he wrote to say the pay was $2.25 per day, while board and room cost $7.00 per week. Not much left to send home to keep the family going.

New Castle by present highway measurements is 158 miles from Alpine. In 1913 it had to be a little farther. But coal miners who worked whenever and wherever they could, did their best to visit their wives and children, especially during holidays. Most of them, like Joe Farren, probably wrote a lot of letters.

The Vulcan Mine, owned by the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, was described as practically a new mine, since the vein then being worked had been opened up within the previous year. The 1913 explosion, however, was considered the second one for the mine, because on February 18, 1896 the Santa Fe Fuel Company experienced an explosion within a few hundred yards of the Vulcan. Forty-eight men lost their lives that year. Both explosions took place on Tuesday, shortly after ten o'clock in the morning. The Santa Fe, according to the 1913 account, was closed and never operated afterward. "The interior," the *Garfield County Democrat* stated, "is still on fire."

Twenty-one married men, including my grandfather, lost their lives in the Vulcan. They were: Jerry Crawford, Ralph Wendell, D. C. Noland, Addie Norton, O. Reed, William Meese, Joe Farren, Ben E. Davis, Jas. Manapelli, Joe Mannapelli, Tony Manapelli, Gabe Manapelli, Joe La Blanch, Gale Obester, Louis Fushino, Albert Johnson, H. G. Woods, Bert Bartle, John Otton, Marion Bonto and William Shearer.

The single men, who would never ever buy Christmas presents or turkeys for wives or children, numbered sixteen: George Smith, Roy McLain, N. Murphy, A. Cirpka, Dave Talmadge, Frank McCann, Lee Bonto, Harry Bonnell, Clint Crawford, Wallace Baxter, R. Filse, S. Kalousker, Fred Cook, Lester Starbuch, Frank Obester and Lou Walter.

Because there are slight differences in the spelling of some names in the weekly newspaper story and the news syndicate account on the back page of the paper, the above are taken directly from the front page story.

Every loss meant a bereaved family, but some seemed more tragic than others. Mrs. Louis Fushino's eight children were fatherless. The Grant Smith family lost their only son, George, and two sons-in-law, Bert Bartle and Gale Obester. Mrs. Jerry Crawford tried to explain to her two-year-old boy why his father would never walk down the hill to the cottage at the end of the work day.

Several of the wives were soon to become mothers for the first time; their children would never know their fathers. Many future children would never know their grandfathers.

The Manapellis—two sets of brothers and all cousins—had wives and children in Italy.

Several men later wondered why it was not their turn. Kenneth Lewis and Lester Sparks survived with no injuries because they decided they needed some nails before they went down into the mine. The explosion merely knocked them down.

Finley and Dawson had been working on the upper level. As they got ready to go to the lower lift, the blast came. Other than some black dust, they were unhurt.

Until the past Sunday, two days before,

Lou Walter had been working nights. Then he changed shifts with Joseph Davis, who had been on days. On December 16 Walter was on days and would never work either shift again.

Perry Coryell Jr., and Herbert Townsend, brothers-in-law, did not feel well that morning so they decided not to report for work until noon. Two hours made the difference. But they did report before noon—to assist with the recovery of the bodies.

My Grandpa Farren indicated in his letters that he always looked forward to visits at home in Alpine with his family. Christmas was something special. He made it home all right, though a little earlier than December 21 or 22. It was December 20. His destination was not his cabin at Alpine, but a permanent resting place in the little historic cemetery at Iron City, just a few miles farther up Chalk Creek.

DRILLING FOR WATER

By Fred Holder
As told to Fred O. Holder

MY FATHER and grandfather, both deceased now, were active in drilling for water until the late 1940s. This is my grandfather's story:

Immigrants from Germany, my folks followed the ever popular westward movement. On the plains of Kansas and Oklahoma, we began separating. There were ten of us children, six girls and four sons. Some of my brothers and sisters went on to California; others stayed in Kansas and a few drifted down to Oklahoma.

I married in Kansas but went southward to Hugo, Oklahoma. From there we penetrated into eastern New Mexico. With the many settlements developing over the vast territory, we didn't have a hard time finding people who wanted wells. The range lands, dry from the hot sun and sparse rainfall, were in need of water. With the increasing herds of cattle, there wasn't enough moisture to keep stock tanks full.

Our rig, a huge, bulky looking piece of junk, served the purpose for the shallow underground waterholes. It took a team of six horses to pull it. The tower part of the rig would pull upright with a small amount of manpower. Iron cables circled up and over the pulley on top. The actual drilling process was an up and down movement. When the long drilling bit became full of mud and slush, we would empty it into a slush pit about ten feet from the hole. We carried fifty-gallon barrels of water with us to keep the hole damp. This allowed easier and quicker water wells to be drilled.

Sometimes because of the thick formation of rocks underground, we would have to move the rig three or four times before we could drill. Then, if we were lucky, we would hit water within two or three days. Water was usually found from fifteen to fifty feet deep. To avoid dry wells or having to move and try elsewhere, we used the water switch, and seven out of ten times it was successful. The water switch was nothing more than a piece of a limb off a tree. It had to be V-shaped with a tail on it to form a Y. You would put one hand on each side, holding it loosely. The tail of the water switch would be straight out. You would begin walking around and as the pull downward increased, you would tighten your grip. When it finally pulled straight down, that is where we would drill for water.

Many people had no faith in the water switch, but when I first began drilling, I became a true believer in it. It was a hot summer day in the Taos, New Mexico area. There seemed to be no shade anywhere. Assisted by my son and several helpers, we began using the water switch but we couldn't find water. Under a sun beaming hotly, we covered about two acres but the water switch wouldn't pull down. Then just as the sun was setting over the desert horizon, I finally started getting a response. I watched the water switch very intently and patiently reacted to a weak pull. Gradually it pulled straight down over what appeared to be freshly dug dirt. Bending over and moving some of the soil, I uncovered a water jug. My son had dug a hole and buried it to keep it cool!

With the many farm lands developing on the northern plains of Texas, we moved from New Mexico and settled near Abilene, where we drilled until our machinery became outdated in the 1940s.

Drilling for water in eastern New Mexico. 1905. Fred Holder (on right) and his brother, George, are standing by the team.

FORTY YEARS AND FIVE MINUTES

By Tom Gerard
As told to J. A. Haag

THE last log was on the loading skid. Our job in the woods was done. We winched in our cable, put the big "cat" into gear and rumbled down the hillside toward Oroville, two and a half miles to the southwest.

It was hot that day in August, 1924, so we turned the cat into a shady spot on the Feather River to eat our last lunch. Near us an old prospector was panning a gravel bar in the shallow water. We invited him to share our lunch. It didn't take him long to pour out his life story. For more than forty years he had panned out a living on this river. In the late '80s and '90s the Feather had given freely of its treasure but as the years passed and the lodes petered out, the river fought back and lucky was the prospector who found a virgin pocket in the bedrock.

Getting warmed up to his story, the old-timer pointed to a large boulder—twice the size of an old kitchen range—resting in several inches of turbid water.

"I've waited forty years," he grumbled, "for water low enough to get that rock off its base. It sets on bedrock and there's bound to be a lot of flour gold and nuggets in them cracks. This is the first

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photos Courtesy Author

Moving southeastward across the Plains, the Holders settled in and around Abilene, Texas in 1920 and drilled water wells until the late 1940s. Fred Holder is standing in the center.

time the water's been low enough, but now I ain't got the strength or the tools to pry it off."

I grinned at the old man as I slipped the winch dogs. Then I motioned my swamper to reel out the cable and take a half hitch on the rock. The old-timer's eyes bulged and I knew what he was thinking—"Forty years I waited and now these cat-skinners are going to steal my gold!"

We pulled the rock off its base and winched in the cable. "Have at it, fellow," I said, "and Good Luck!"

We delivered the cat to its owner in Oroville and I said goodbye to my swamper. I was headed for San Francisco and a little night life.

A month later I was back in Oroville to see about another job. Sitting in a cafe I felt a tug at my sleeve and here was my old-timer with a wide grin filtering through his beard. He handed me a small buckskin pouch as he beamed, "Howdy, pardner—I been lookin' for ye. This is your share. I took $1,130 of'n that piece of bedrock!"

"Buddy," I suggested, "that was your strike, not mine; this gold belongs to you." I'll never forget the look in his eyes as I handed back the pouch.

My swamper was killed shortly thereafter in a logging accident and, at his funeral, I saw the old prospector for the last time.

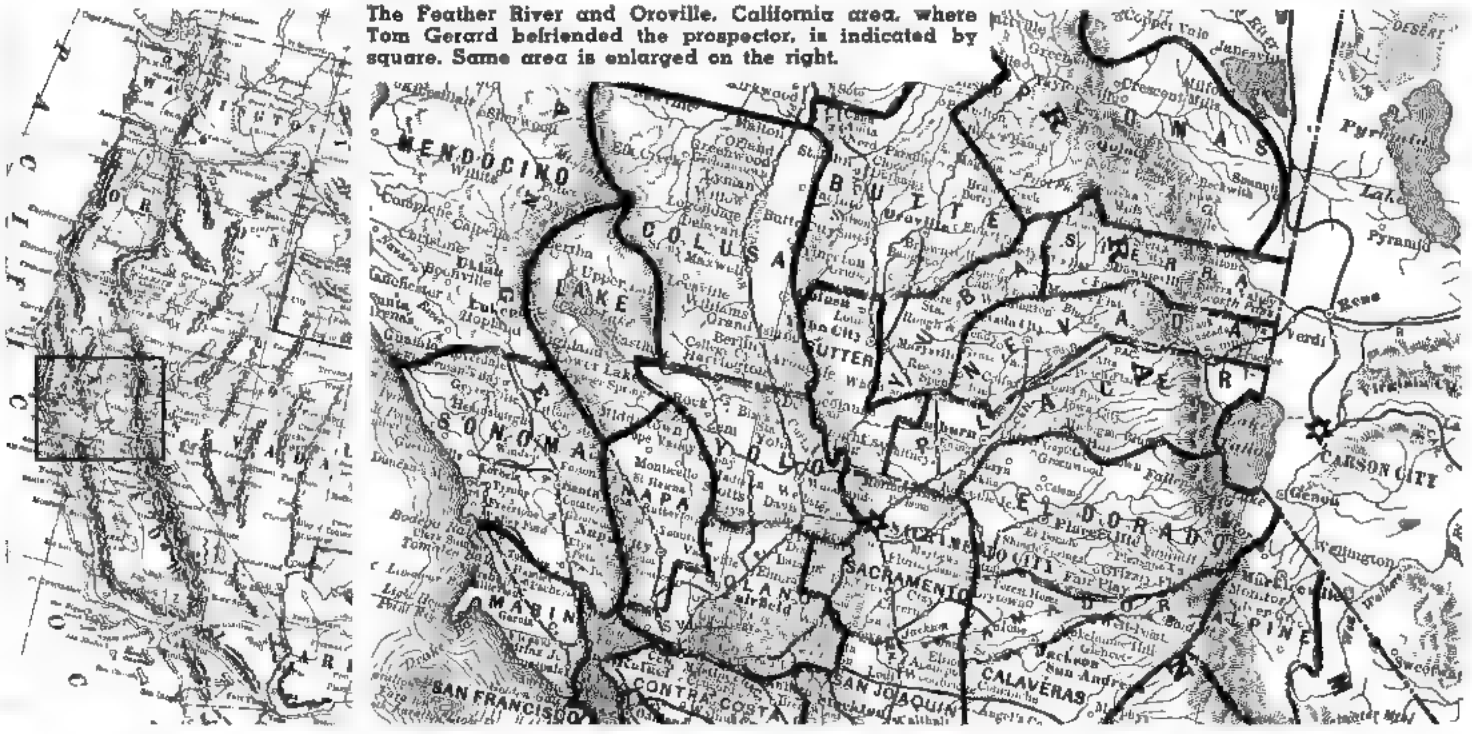
The years have rushed by and now at seventy-eight I'm an oldster myself, but I've never quite forgotten the old-timer, or the five minutes I spent with him on the Feather River. Word of his passing reached me in Alaska in 1932, and with it came his legacy to me. He hadn't forgotten either!

The package was addressed: "To Tom Gerard—My Partner on the Feather River."

It contained a single nugget, with the name "Tom" scratched into its surface, and his greatest treasure—his gold pan.

Maps from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888

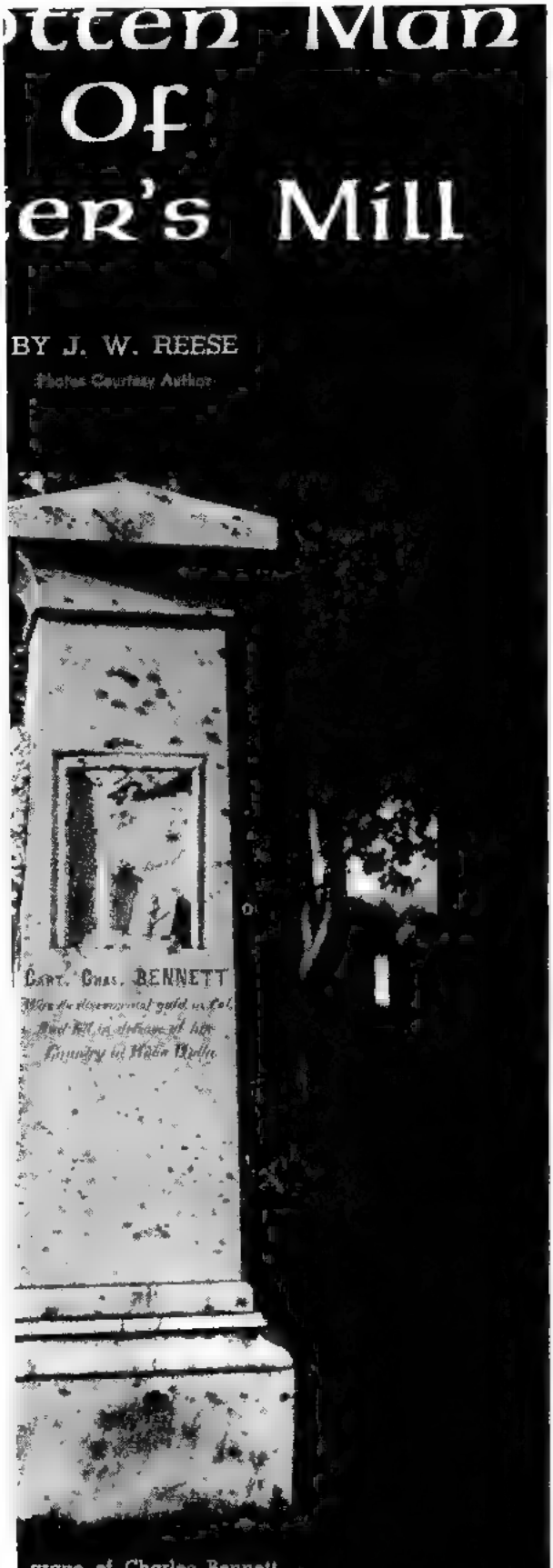
The Feather River and Oroville, California area, where Tom Gerard befriended the prospector, is indicated by square. Same area is enlarged on the right.



tten Man Of er's Mill

BY J. W. REESE

Photos Courtesy Author



grave of Charles Bennett.

wife was convinced
nnett—not James Marshall—
t for California's gold rush

ASK any American who discovered gold in California, and he will reply, "James Marshall." He may even be able to tell you where and when—"Sutter's Mill, January, 1848"—and his statement will be confirmed by the history books. The United States Government issued a postage stamp in 1948 which had the inscription: "Sutter's Mill, Coloma, where James W. Marshall's discovery started rush of Argonauts." This ought to make it official.

Yet there was a man working with Marshall who may have played a part, too. His name was Charles Bennett. Bennett had had experience as a gold miner in the South, had worked as a carpenter, and also served in the United States cavalry before coming west. He and James Marshall arrived in Oregon in the same year. They both later went to California, seeking work, and they both ended up working for John Sutter.

After amassing a personal fortune, Bennett and Marshall returned to Oregon. Bennett built a hotel, became a ship captain on the Willamette River and was killed, tragically and heroically, six years after the gold rush in a war against the Indians. Charles Bennett's body was returned to Salem and buried there. His wife, who had heard him tell of his gold rush experiences, placed this marker on his grave:

CAPTAIN CHAS. BENNETT WAS THE DISCOVERER OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA AND FELL DEAD IN DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY AT WALLA WALLA, DIED DEC. 7, 1855, 44 YEARS, THREE MONTHS AND 20 DAYS. DEDICATED BY HIS WIFE

This marker still stands over Bennett's grave in a Salem cemetery.

For many years after the gold rush, few people cared who was the actual discoverer of gold. When James W. Marshall later made his claim, his old partner Charles Bennett was dead and could not refute it.

Charles Bennett was born August 18, 1811 in Pennsylvania. He worked as a gold miner in North Carolina and Georgia. He served in a military campaign against the Indians in Florida and then in 1835 as a non-commissioned of-

Photos both pages Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Frontier Times

ficer of Company A, United States Dragoons, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. His term of enlistment having expired, in 1844 Bennett joined Nathaniel Ford's company of emigrant wagons.

In Oregon Territory Bennett worked at a sawmill on Abernathy Island in the winter of 1844-5. Early in July 1845, Charles Bennett and his wife (the former Mary Ann Shannon who had also come to Oregon in 1844) and three others (Henry Williamson, John Minto, and a Miss McMahon) ascended the Willamette River to the Jason Lee Mission in what is now Salem. The Bennetts were the first residents not connected with the mission to live there. Bennett built a keelboat to operate on the river above Oregon City, but the Willamette was not suited to keelboating.

On May 22, 1846 a meeting of Salem citizens was held at the residence of Daniel Waldo. For protection it was decided to organize a volunteer company to be called the Oregon Rangers. Elected as captain of this new company was Charles Bennett. The following Fourth of July, the Oregon Rangers assembled and paraded in Salem.

During this time Bennett built a boat of some kind. Advertisements in the Oregon City *Oregon Spectator* from February to April of 1847 list among the agents to receive hides for the Portland Tannery, "Mr. Bennett, on his boat, anywhere between Salem and Oregon City."

In March 1847, the energetic Bennett was listed in the same newspaper as a member of a corresponding committee (with A. A. Robinson and J. B. McClane) to help form a farmers' cooperative to export produce from the Champoeg area. David Leslie was listed as chairman of the cooperative.

SOON AFTER, Bennett decided to see if California might not be a better place to find employment. Among the company traveling southward was Stephen Staats, who later said: "In the spring of 1847, I made a trip to California; Bennett was with us and assisted in camp duties; he was a very active and energetic man, always on the lookout for something ahead; upon our arrival in California, after a short time he left us for Sutter's Fort. After being there a short period, he and a man by the name of Marshall (he of gold mine fame) entered into a contract with Sutter to erect a saw mill, and while engaged in its erection, the first discovery of gold was made."

After the gold rush, Bennett returned to Oregon. The *Oregon Spectator* for September 12, 1850 states that the steamer *California* arrived at Astoria September 1, seven days out of San Francisco, three days of which were consumed lying off the bar at the mouth of the Columbia because of dense fog. The ship carried a large amount of mail and 105 passengers, among whom were "Chas. Bennett" and "Jas. Marshall."

Bennett apparently brought back with him enough gold to invest in two new business enterprises. He built Bennett House, for its time a magnificent hotel, in which the Territorial Supreme Court for Oregon met in 1852. (A portion of Bennett House may be seen on a mural in the present state capitol building in Salem.)

Bennett also built the steamboat *Canemah* in 1851. She was a sidewheeler with bluff bows and a square stern, the fourth steamer ever built on the upper Willamette. With Bennett as captain, she carried mail between Oregon City and Corvallis (then Marysville), with occasional trips to Eugene (then Skinners Post Office), and passengers and freight as well. The *Oregon Spectator* for October 14, 1851 states, "The *Canemah* took on board the United States mails on Wednesday last, and went up as high as Marysville without any difficulty. It is the opinion of those who were on board, that the *Canemah* will be able to make her regular trips with the mails throughout the season. Captain Bennett is a persevering and obliging Captain."

Bennett prospered and joined two other men to provide full steamboating service, with steamers leaving every day from Oregon City. Advertisements appear in the *Oregon Spectator* beginning in December, 1853 for the "Defiance Line" of steamers, which included the *Wallamet* (commanded by Captain A. F. Hedges), the *Fenix* (Captain John Miller), and the *Canemah* (Captain Charles Bennett).

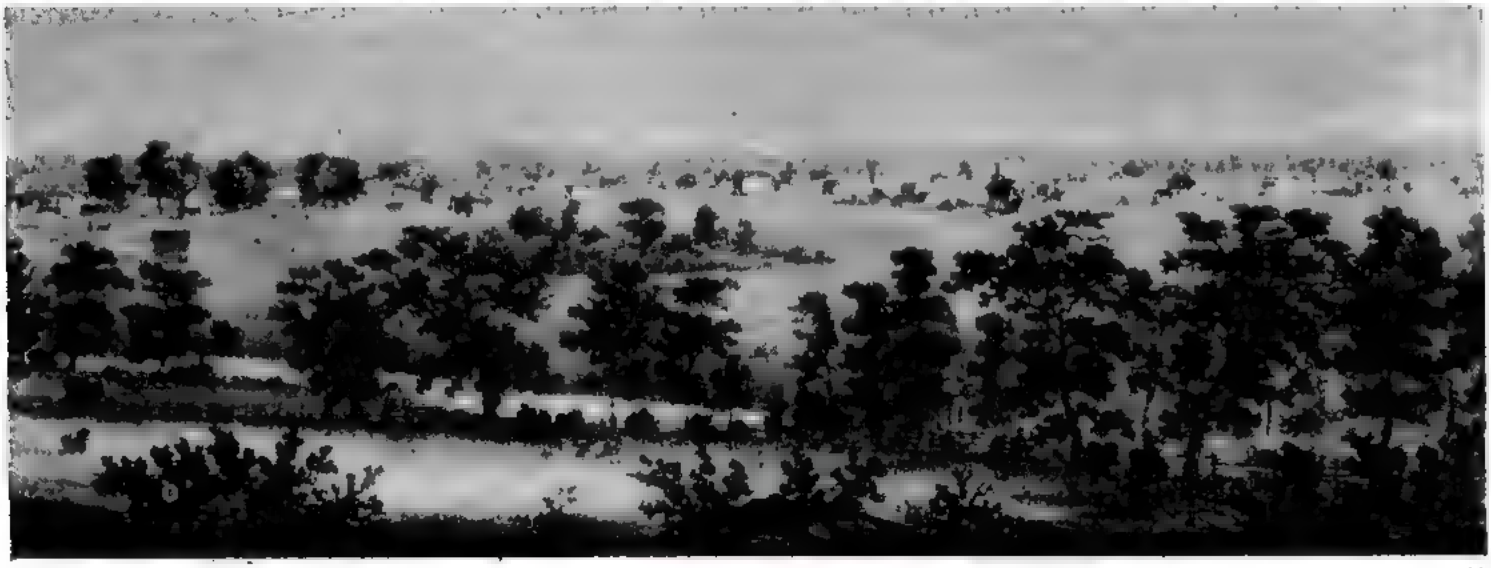
John Minto thought Bennett possibly could have been the discoverer of the gold at Sutter's Mill.

Bennett contracted for the foundations of the first capitol building in Salem in 1854, apparently being able to take on this job in his spare time, probably during the winter.

Then came the Yakima Indian War. In the fall of 1855 word came to Salem that the Yakimas had attacked a United States Army detachment under Major Haller, forcing the soldiers to retreat to the fort at The Dalles. The army commander, Major Raines, appealed to the governors of Oregon and Washington Territories for reinforcements. Governor George Curry of Oregon called for volunteers.

(Continued on page 45)

Salem, Oregon, 1858.



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His Own Paula Revere

(Continued from page 15)

I was crossing my part of the range when I saw a man driving a little bunch of cattle. He was by himself so I rode over to him. He was a man I knew well so I rode along with him a-ways and visited, then cut out and went to my cabin. Now I suspected that those cattle were rustled as I hadn't seen any brand on them, but it wasn't customary to ask too many questions.

We were seen driving the cattle, and a short time after this I was awakened one night by a horse galloping and I knew it was coming to my place. No one else lived around there. The ground was hard and the horse made a sound that I could hear plainly. So I got out of bed and had my trousers on by the time a knock came on the door. Well, I just about fell through the floor when I saw who it was, for it was midnight and very cold. It was the girl who had won the race that 4th of July in Winifred. Her name was Mae Giffins.

I asked, "Mae, what is wrong?" and she said, "Dick, get on your horse and leave the country! Jim Lane from Hilger is in Winifred and he has a warrant for your arrest." I asked her what the charges were and she said "Rustling cattle."

It came to me just then how it happened. I remembered helping the man drive his cattle a little ways, and knew that we had been seen by some other people. I told Mae to come in because she was cold and scared for me. We talked it over and I told her how it was and said I didn't think the law could do anything about it. Then Mae said the law was after the other man, too, but he had left the country.

I saddled up a horse and we went back to town so I could talk with the deputy sheriff. I knew him well and we were friends. He had gotten in late that evening and had been asking around as to where my camp was located and someone had tipped Mae off. Then she had borrowed a horse from a man in town by the name of Dan McDonal and had headed for my line camp twenty-five miles out in the Badlands. It was after midnight when we started back and that made fifty miles for her that night.

When we got into Winifred just at day break there weren't any places open except one saloon so I went in and there sat Jim Lane, the deputy. I spoke to him and said I had learned he had a warrant for my arrest. Well, he looked a little dumbfounded then said, "Who in the hell told you that?"

"Is it true?" I asked, and he answered, "Yes."

We went into the office at the end of the bar and he read the warrant to me. It had been sworn out by the head stock inspector at Helena, and had been given to Jim to serve on me. He told me I would have to go with him to Lewistown.

I realized he was only doing his duty, and I wasn't worried because I knew everything would be cleared up. But as I said, it's easier to get into trouble than it is to get out, and I knew there would be a lot of red tape before everything was over.

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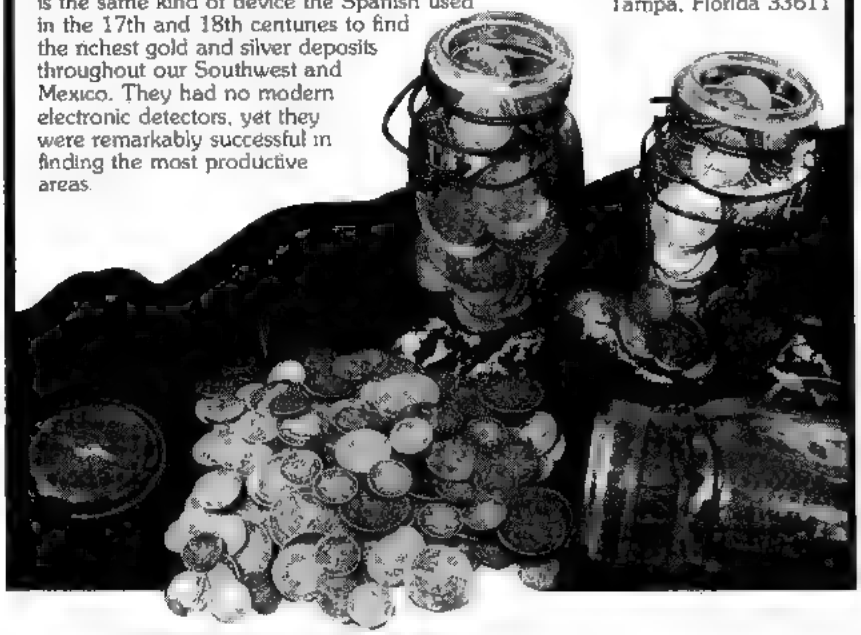

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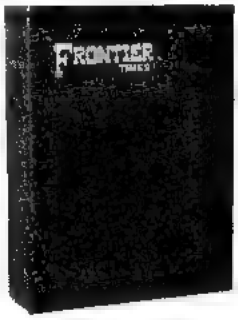

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I WENT BACK to my job and the next spring I was sent out on another job in a Badlands line camp. This time I had the roundup wagons and a tent. I still hadn't been released from bond and I wasn't pleased about it, so I went to Lewistown and contacted the Probate Judge. I ran into him on the street and told him that I hadn't ever been released. Now this judge was a friend of mine who used to be a cowpuncher himself before he got to be Probate Judge but he didn't stop there. He went on to become the Governor of Montana and his name was Roy Ayers. Anyway, he told me not to worry. He would see that I was released from bond, and he did. I felt better to be free again.

The law was still looking for the guy that had stolen the cattle and though they finally located him in the sweet-grass country up along the Canadian border, the stock inspector was dead sure that I was guilty too, so he swore out another warrant for my arrest and sent a deputy sheriff after me. The deputy had a job finding my camp but one day when I was sitting in the tent writing a letter the flap opened and Tommy Mason stuck his head in and said, "Dick, they have caught Bill." (That was the man they wanted.) I said I guess he had come after me and he said yes, that he had a warrant.

He didn't read it and I didn't ask him to. So back to Lewistown I went to be put in jail, and the big key was turned on me again. But just to show what a good friend was like in those days, Tommy told me he would come to the jail when it got dark and we would go out on the town. And that is what he did. Of course, he was breaking the law to do it as they had my bond set at $15; but the next day two friends showed up and bailed me out and the other guy pleaded guilty to the charges and was sent to the pen for three years, and that released me for good.

They didn't have enough evidence to try me, but they had thought when they got Bill that if I were guilty I might make a run for it. That's why they had me picked up, to be sure that I wouldn't have a chance to run. I am still grateful to Mae for making that ride on a cold night fifty-seven years ago.

Happy Ending

I wrote a story several years back about that Montana country and it was published in the July 1971 issue of *Frontier Times*. I received letters from people in several states, and one came from Casper, Wyoming. When I started reading it I just about flipped. I didn't know what I was reading. The letter was from Mae, the girl who had come to my cabin that cold, dark night on horseback, and when I realized whom the letter was from I imagined I could see her standing in my doorway that night, scared and anxious. She had bought the magazine by accident and had seen my story. Then she wrote the nice letter mentioning that ride and said she would never forget it. I hear from her often now as we're going to keep track of each other. She is a grandmother but I remember her as a pretty black-headed girl and that's the only way I can see her in my mind. The horse she rode to my camp was the one she rode in the race at the 4th of July celebration. He was a sorrel and I remember his name was Monte. I don't think anyone who reads this story will object if I brag a little on this girl. She was different from most, a friend always high on my memory shelf. And I dedicate these lines to her.

Reminiscences of a Trail Cutter

(Continued from page 19)

Along in the spring of 1882 two fellows by the name of Joe Browder and John Kirkland moved a little bunch of cattle in about four miles down the Wichita River from my place on Indian Creek and fixed a dug-out and set up camp. They seemed like real nice fellows. They sold their cattle before too long, and then one night after they had been living in their dug-out about six months, three officers and about a half-dozen Tonkawa Indians from down at Fort Griffin rode up to my place and asked me if I knew where Joe Browder and John Kirkland lived. When I told them I did, they told me their business.

It seemed like someone had stolen about twenty-five Tonkawa ponies a day or two before, and those Indians had trailed them up into the Wichita brakes. Apparently the officers down at Fort Griffin knew Joe and John better than I did and knew they had a camp somewhere up on the Wichita River, and they had decided that Joe and John were the ones that had taken the ponies. They told me to catch up a horse and show them where their camp was, which I did, and we found every one of those ponies hobbled out, but Joe and John were nowhere around. Those Tonkawa Indians were sure tickled to get their ponies back.

The officers told me that they hadn't had anything to eat since they left Fort Griffin the day before, and as I had just killed a fresh beef we went back to my place and fixed something to eat. Those Indians liked to have eaten up all that beef.

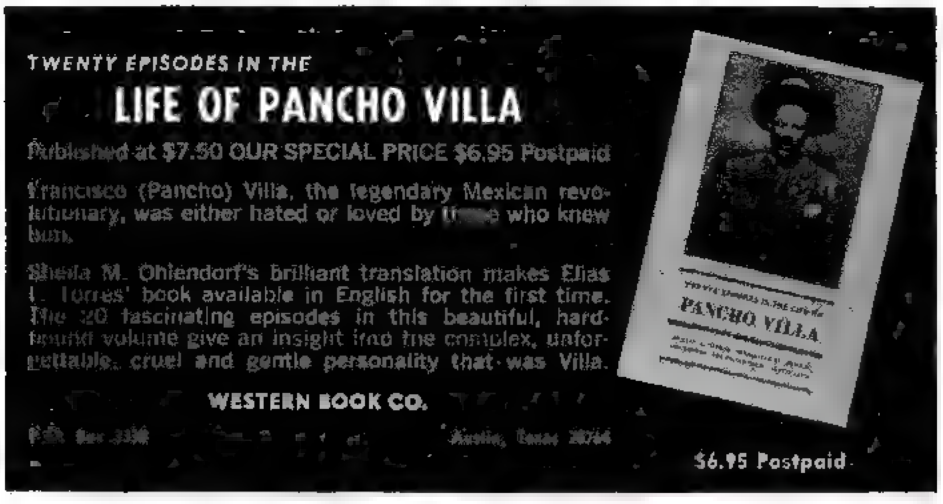
About ten years later my youngest brother, Riley Self, was working with an outfit out on the Pecos in New Mexico. He said he was on day herd and a man loped up and asked him if he had any chewing tobacco. Riley said that, kid-like, he handed him his plug and the fellow bit off a chew and put the rest of it in his pocket and said, "I don't know you, Kid, but I knew old Bill," and rode off. That fellow was John Kirkland. Joe Browder had been killed in a shooting scrape in some town in New Mexico a while before that.

BILL BROOKING and his brother Bood were my neighbors over there in the Wichita brakes and were the best neighbors anyone ever had; but they were a couple of characters. They ran a panther in a cave over in the brakes one time and then tried to smoke him out with green cedar and everything else they could find, but the panther wouldn't come out. Finally Bood fixed him a torch and crawled in that cave with the torch in one hand and his six-shooter in the other, and ran that panther out and Bill shot it.

They got into an argument one time about what time the sun set. Bood said the sun set about six-thirty o'clock and Bill said, "Oh, no, it's later than that, somewhere around seven-thirty." Finally Bood said, "If the sun sets at seven-thirty, it sets after dark."

Bood Brooking was a man that had a way with animals. He had a long-legged sorrel mule that he used to catch maverick cattle in rough country. He said the mule was sure-footed and could catch about anything he ran at if he thought he had an even chance, but if that mule didn't think he had a chance he wouldn't even try. He also had a big old cur dog that he had trained for a catch dog. That dog wouldn't pay any attention to an animal that was branded and had earmarks, but he would catch every maverick he ran across. He had a way of running onto a yearling and getting it by the nose with his teeth. He would drop down between its forelegs and throw it with all ease. He would hold that yearling until Bood rode up and got a rope on it.

The Brookings grew up down in southern Texas and had been through the Mexican border trouble and the Taylor and Sutton Feud, and had seen some rocky times. They were free range men and didn't like barbed wire fences. They moved on west into New Mexico and finally on into Arizona. They were good cowmen.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Along in November 1881 I got up one morning and saddled up a young horse I was breaking out, intending to just prowl around and look the cattle over. I tied him in front of my dug-out and sat down to drink some coffee. In a short while the wind hit out of the north and it started snowing until you couldn't see a hundred yards. We were having one of those fall storms like we have in this country sometimes.

The cattle out on the prairie north of the river began drifting to the rough country for protection. One little bunch came by close to the dug-out and I noticed a brindle maverick heifer in the bunch. I ran out in my shirt sleeves and got on that bronc horse, jerked my rope down and had her caught before either one of us had time to think, and that was the wildest, fightingest thing that I ever got my rope on. I managed to jerk her down several times but she would bounce on her feet and come at me. She had sharp horns set just right for fighting, and that bronc I was riding didn't know what it was all about. She raked him with her horns several times and he was trying to pitch. I'll tell you I sure was a busy man.

I finally got the rope wrapped around a tree and got her and the horse stopped. I got off the horse and tied into her and I tell you she was a wild one. That thing kicked and hooked most of my clothes off of me before I got her down and kept her down. I tied her hard and fast and I never before or since have been so give out. I just lay down in the snow and rested a while. I branded her with my Lazy S brand good and deep and when I turned her loose she still wanted to fight.

I kept that cow until she died. I always thought she was the highest priced cow I ever owned. I brought her down here on Miller Creek when I left the Wichita. She lived to be twenty-two years old and raised a calf every year but one from the time she was a three-year-old.

We sold our holdings to Tom Waggoner when he was buying up all that Wichita country and I came down on Miller Creek south of Seymour and bought this outfit and have lived here ever since. Our old place on Indian Creek is now a part of the W. T. Waggoner ranch. They made a line camp out of it, and it is still called the old Self Place.

Forgotten Man of Sutter's Mill

(Continued from page 41)

A company was raised in Marion County, and Charles Bennett was elected captain. His command, Company F, joined the Oregon Mounted Volunteers at The Dalles and were prepared to ride northward into the Yakima country. Instead, they were ordered to ride east to Fort Walla Walla where Major Mark A. Chinn had already headed. The major had heard while on the way that the vacant Fort Walla Walla had been captured by Chief Peu-peu-mox-mox (Yellow Bird) of the Walla Wallas with a thousand warriors. So Major Chinn's small command had built a fort (Fort Henrietta) on the Umatilla River and were awaiting reinforcements.

Captain Bennett's company arrived at

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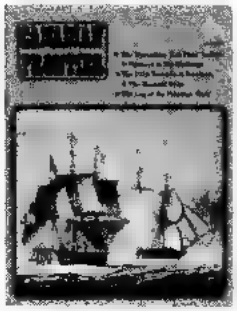

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James W. Marshall is given credit by history as being the discoverer of gold at Sutter's Mill, California, contrary to the belief of Mrs. Charles Bennett.

Fort Henrietta after a ride of twenty-five miles that day, and learned that the new commander, Lieutentant Colonel James K. Kelly, planned a night ride of forty miles to attack Fort Walla Walla at daybreak the following day, December 8, 1855.

The volunteers found Fort Walla Walla deserted. The command moved up the Walla Walla River and then the Touchet River in search of the Indians. They met Chief Peu-peu-mox-mox, who came out for a parley, and took him hostage. The command then returned to the Walla Walla River.

The next day, the Indians attacked in force, and a running battle ensued, with the volunteers pursuing the Indians up the valley. Finally the Indians made a stand in a deserted farmhouse along the river. The first arrivals of the volunteers were stopped. Major Chinn advised waiting for the remainder of the command, who had fallen behind, but Captain Bennett, impatient, asked the major for permission to charge the farmhouse. The major replied, "I am against it, but do as you please about it. If you think best, go ahead."

The captain organized his men and made a charge. "Captain Bennett was a brave officer," said one of his men, Sam Tetherow, later. But Bennett was too much for drill in the manual of arms and army discipline to please the volunteers. "When he had obtained permission to charge the farmhouse," continued Tetherow, "instead of scattering his men out he had them charge in a company front, as if they were at a drill. As they started forward toward the fence around the farmhouse one of the Indians picked off Captain Bennett." The captain died instantly, as did one of his men.

The volunteers won the battle and named their camp Fort Bennett in honor of the dead captain.

Bennett's body was returned to Salem and given an impressive funeral. His wife then decided to perpetuate his memory with the inscription on the tombstone, which can still be seen. When the marble tombstone was erected, Bennett's daguerreotype was inserted into a recess on one side, but in the ensuing years it has disappeared and no other known likeness of Captain Charles Bennett has ever been found.

WHAT is the evidence of Bennett's claim as the discoverer of California gold? At this late date, the published evidence is almost all on Marshall's side. Contemporary eye-witnesses such as Bigler and Sutter give Marshall the credit. One of Marshall's helpers noted in his diary for January 24, 1848, "This day some kind of mettel was found in the tail race that looks like goald, first discovered by James Martial [sic], the Boss of the Mill."

The Sutter Diary was rewritten and added to, years after the event, but it also gives Marshall credit for discovering gold. The Diary records that James Wilson Marshall arrived at the fort May 21, 1847, contracted with John Sutter on August 27, 1847, to build a sawmill, and then employed Charles Bennett, William Scott, Ezekial Smith, and others, to help him. Charles Bennett is first mentioned on September 28, as starting for the mill site.

Marshall stated in November 1857, "Some time in April, 1847, I visited New Helvetia, commonly known as the 'Fort' where I made my resolution known to John A. Sutter . . . . About the 27th of August we signed the agreement to build and run a sawmill at Culuma [sic]. . . . Afterwards I employed Charles Bennett and William Scott, both carpenters." Marshall stated that he was alone when he discovered gold.

All accounts agree that Charles Bennett was the man entrusted with carrying the Indian-signed lease to the land on which the gold was found, to Governor Mason at Monterey for confirmation on February 8, 1848. Bennett was to obtain a legal lease to the land with mill and mineral privileges. There was to be no wild talk of gold. Sutter cautioned Bennett. The Sutter Diary records, "Sent launch to San Francisco, Charles Bennett, passenger."

On March 18, 1848 Bennett returned with the governor's refusal to grant such a lease, due to uncertainty as to his power to do so. Some sources credit Bennett with spreading news of the gold discovery, against Sutter's orders, on this trip to Monterey.

Against this evidence we have the statements of Bennett's friends and the enduring monument erected by his wife. Stephen Staats was an old friend of Bennett. Speaking in 1877 Staats said, "Well do I remember, when with sparkling eyes and enthusiastic hope he brought that first specimen of gold, and recounted to us the manner of its discovery, and the extent of its deposits, saying at the time, 'If it really is gold, we can get all we want, and become as rich as Croesus.' I claim for Bennett the credit of being the first discoverer of gold in California."

The *Oregon Spectator* for November 9, 1848 reports, "It appears that in the first part of February last, Messrs. Marshall and Bennett were engaged with a party erecting a saw-mill."

Leslie M. Scott, writing in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly* for 1917 states, "Gold was discovered near Coloma, on the north fork of the American River, by James W. Marshall, Oregon immigrant of 1844, and Charles Bennett, also an Oregon immigrant of 1844."

A Salem pioneer who had known Bennett since they both came to Oregon was John Minto. Writing in 1914 Minto said, "Of the eight men present, Bennett was the man to say the shining pebbles contained gold, for he had previously mined for gold in Georgia."

Bennett recounted the story of the discovery of gold in sufficient detail to convince his wife, for she decided that at least on his grave his claim should not be forgotten.

This is the evidence, little as it is, at this date. James Wilson Marshall lived for thirty years after Bennett was killed, and had ample time to substantiate his claim. Charles Bennett, who died in 1855, was not able to defend himself. But reading of his vigorous life, and the wealth of his experience, it is not possible that the now obscure Charles Bennett was at least co-discoverer of the California gold?

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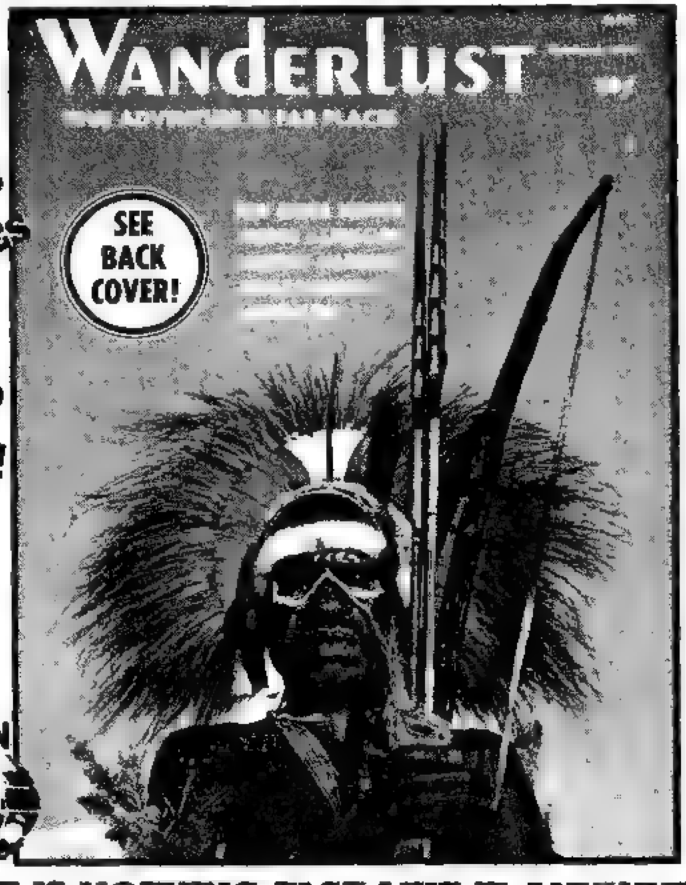

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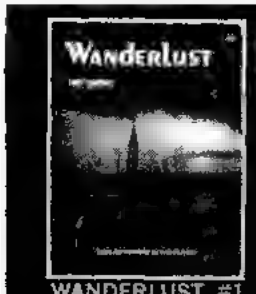

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, mailcarriers, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Curtis-Bentley

I am seeking information on Leonard Curtis and his wife, Abbie Eliza Bentley. In 1890 Curtis was sheriff or justice of the peace in Santa Cruz, California. He came by wagontrain to California from Mississippi Valley in the 1860s, first settling in the Corralitos and later the Santa Cruz area. Apparently his first two children, Henrietta Jane and Frank (or James?), were both born in Iowa, town unknown. About 1854 he was in Minnesota, the town assessor for Wilton, Waseca County. At one time Leonard Curtis was a roadmaster and while holding that position was injured by the falling of a bridge.

If anyone can help me locate any of the family of Leonard Curtis, I would like to hear from them.—Mrs. Joseph B. Whetnall, Route 2, Box 2358, Bandon, Oregon 97411

Davis-Jackson

I would like to hear from anyone with information on Henry Davis, born November 19, 1796 in Harrison County, Virginia—Now West Virginia, It is believed he came from Lewis County but it was not organized from Harrison County until 1816. He married Anne Jackson, born about 1800 in the same area. They must have married there also. Five children are known to have been born to them in Virginia: Mahala born 1823; Elizabeth born 1826; Frances born 1828; Marshall Henry born 1829 (my great-grandfather); Samantha born 1831. Also George and Prudence, but when and where were they born? Was Anne Jackson their mother? I would like to know who Anne and Henry's mother and father were.

From Virginia they came to Adams County, Illinois and were listed in the 1850 census. But there was no mention of George and Prudence. Had they left home and married? Or were not born yet? Henry Davis came to Texas in 1856 and died in Farmington, Texas on March 23, 1870. What happened to Anne Jackson Davis? I have no information on any of these people except Marshall Henry. —May Shaffer, 1012 Avenue B, South Houston, Texas 77587

Lincoln

Pegleg Lincoln was born October 22, 1770 and his wife, Betty Piper, March 17, 1772. To this union there were born three children: James M., 1809-1874; Sibbil P., 1812-?; and Joshua S., 1814-?.

The children of James M. Lincoln and Qulielma Dewees Lincoln were Hannah, Enos, George P. and Betty. Two other children died in infancy. This family lived in or near Canton, Illinois during the 1850s and then followed the pioneers on west. James M. died at Garden Grove, Iowa in 1874 and apparently the rest of the family moved on to Kansas. Enos lived at Salina, Kansas; Hannah at Bazine, Kansas; and George P. at Ness City, Kansas. Betty Lincoln married William E. Frint in Iowa and they settled near Grinnell in Gove County, Kansas.

Timothy Frint (1795-1864) and his wife, Mabel (1797-1853) moved to this country from Germany about 1823 and settled somewhere in Illinois. He had twelve children, the youngest of whom was my great-grandfather, William E. Frint, a G. A. R. veteran who served in the Illinois 45th Regiment. He married Betty Lincoln and raised two daughters, Kate and Elma, but had no sons who reached maturity. Perhaps there are other descendants of Timothy Frint who maintained the family name.

I have a little information on the family record of Samuel Dewees, born November 1, 1783 and his wife, Hannah, born April 22, 1785. They had eight children.

Any information on Pegleg Lincoln or Joshua S. Lincoln's descendants will be appreciated.—Robert O. Douglass, 737 East Spring Street, Aurora, Illinois 60505

Barrett

I would appreciate any information about my grandfather, Elmer Barrett. He was supposedly a gambler on the Mississippi River. I am not sure, but believe he lived in or around Lewistown, Illinois.

He married Honora (Ella) Carey and they had one child, a girl named Vera Marie Barrett, who is my mother. Mother said she was born in Lewistown in 1895, so I just surmised that my grandfather was there in that year. Mother didn't remember her father, and evidently he left his family after, or before, my mother was born. Honora Barrett died in Colorado when my mother was six or seven years old and Mother never found out anything else about her father.

If any of your readers know of or have any information on Elmer Barrett or even on my grandmother, Honora Barrett, I would certainly appreciate hearing from them.—Mrs. Nancy W. Gherna, 2620 East 11th Street, Bremerton, Washington 98310

Littlefield

I would appreciate any information about Robert Littlefield and/or his descendants. Robert Littlefield was my Grandfather Hiram Nelson Littlefield's uncle.

In the post-Civil War era, Robert went to Texas to live. It has been told that he worked for a railroad (the "Texas Flyer") somewhere in Texas. Also, from what I hear, he died financially well off. He had a daughter Mae. I don't know if he had any other children.

My grandfather exchanged letters with "Uncle" Robert Littlefield, but Robert cut off contact many, many years ago. My grandfather wrote to Mae Littlefield, but she also cut off correspondence. All the letters my grandfather received were thrown away so there isn't much more information.

Some of Robert Littlefield's descendants, at one time, were living around San Angelo, Texas. This was about the time of World War II, I believe. I have also been told that some descendants are presently living in or around San Antonio, Texas.

I hope this is enough information to at least be able to help me find the Texas string of Littlefield relations. My grandfather would be quite happy to hear about what happened to his uncle. He is ninety years young.—Alice Bulson, Route 3, Box 216, Troy, New York 12180

Snell (Schnell)

I would like to hear from anyone who knows anything about my grandparents, Zealor or Zeller and Nancy H. Snell (Schnell). Zealor was married before and had some children by his first wife. They were Emma Belle Snell (Spurgin); Francis Snell (Fransworth); and Will. What was his first wife's name and what happened to her?

Zealor then married my grandmother, Nancy, and they had two children; Joseph William Snell (my father) and Minnie Snell. Nancy died June 21, 1919. Minnie married Walter Martin and had two sons, Earl and Roy.

Joseph William Snell, born September 26, 1878, married Anna McDaniel September 26, 1912 in Morse, Oklahoma. They had six children: Eutah, Carl, Velma, Charles, Lanorah, Eddie Joe and Bill.

Joseph died in 1949. I would appreciate any information on him or his parents.—Mrs. Lanorah (Snell) Pennell, 5361 Ardelle Street, Stockton, California 95205

Jordhoy

I would appreciate any information on Alf Jordhoy who left Duluth, Minnesota around 1913. When last heard from he was in Cheyenne, Wyoming. This was around 1917. His father was Olaf Jordhoy; sister, Liba; and brother, George. He loved horses and probably would have been around anything having to do with them.—Mrs. W. A. Sharp, 8970 S.W. Sagert Street, Tualatin, Oregon 97062

Hoskins

We are trying to locate the family of Richard Hoskins, son of Porter Hoskins, grandson of James P. Hoskins who was married to Eva Price in Williamson County, Texas. James P., born 1862, and Charles William, born 1864, were brothers. Charles William was my husband's father. My husband is Allen Eugene

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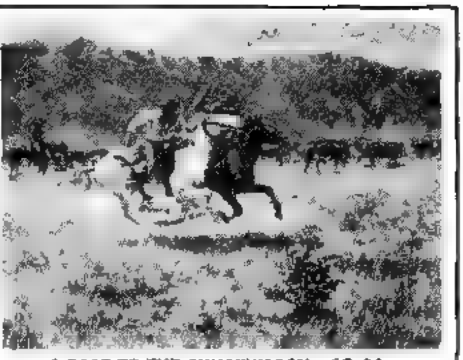

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Hoskins.—Mrs. A. E. Hoskins, 2901 Socorro, Star #1, Deming, New Mexico 88030

Eslick

I would like to get in touch with anyone named Eslick in North or South Carolina.—W. G. Eslick, 2607 East 13th, Wichita, Kansas 67214

Help for Readers

I have a private genealogical collection numbering many, many thousands of names, from virtually everywhere, foreign and domestic, but more especially centered in the southern states—an area of my specialty. I have included in this collection, the backgrounds of many of this nation's more famous (and infamous) characters, in part:

Butch Cassidy, Kid Curry, Jesse James, Cole Younger, the Daltons, Daniel Boone, the Bryan family of Kentucky, John Wesley Hardin, Billy the Kid, Harry Longabaugh (the Sundance Kid), Deaf Charley Hanks, Kit Carson and many, many others.

In addition to these, I have virtually thousands of notes and miscellaneous data on the following families, in part:

Boren-Borin-Boring-Boran, Boone, Bryan, Alley, Culbertson, Currie-Curry, Burk-Burks-Burke, McIntosh, Kingsley, Keller, Potter, Whitney, Allen, Foote, Churchill, Weller, James, Younger, Dalton, Oxford, Edington, Wood-Woods, Morley, Jones, Terrill-Turrell, Horn, Eames-Ames, Gunn, Roosevelt, Van Vleet, Schofield, Lay, Logan, Parker, Acord, Beeson, Bonney, Fouser-Fowser-Fauser, Ream-Rhiem, Ford, Longabaugh-Leinbach, Forbes, Loomis, Dowd and thousands too numerous to mention.

I invite anyone interested, especially those who think they might be related to famous personalities such as outlaws, explorers, lawmen, presidents, kings, etc., to write to me, sending me the information they have on their line, and I will be happy to check for possible relationships at no charge. My only request is that they be willing to share information and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply. Please send information as far back as possible for accurate comparison. I cannot, of course, guarantee to satisfy everyone's search, but for those who connect with famous families, there is a good chance. All names cannot be listed in this space, of course, so please inquire. I cannot guarantee to do free research (unless you descend from my related lines—Boren, Burke, etc.) but will send you what I have on file for the name of your interest.—Kerry Ross Boren, 211 Hazel Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84102

King

Tradition is that my great-grandfather, Jeremiah King, was a personal friend of Buffalo Bill Cody, and that he made two trips across the West with Mr. Cody and his circus.

On one of these trips, King saw a mausoleum for the first time. The walls of the mausoleum had deteriorated and left exposed a broken coffin. My great-grandfather reached in and picked up a small bit of lace. This lace was still in the family until about five years ago.

Jeremiah King was born September 19, 1830 in Sangamon County, Illinois and he resided there his entire life. Mr. Cody visited with him on several occasions, trying to get him to move out West where there was "wealth" to be had. King died March 19, 1922.

Was the "Colonel King" referred to in Cody's autobiography really my great-grandfather, Jeremiah King? Can someone help me verify this family tradition or correct it?—Mrs. G. H. Savage, Route 6, Monticello, Indiana 47960

Kelly-Banion

Since completing my family history book of the Kelly Clan in Kansas, 1869-1972, I have had many inquiries concerning Red Kelly, or Ed Kelly, as my father called him. This is the Kelly who killed Bob Ford, who had killed Jesse James.

I would appreciate any information concerning him, as he was some kind of cousin of my father—second or third, I believe. My father was William Kelly, son of John Randall Sloan Dodson Kelly, who settled near Elk City and Independence, Kansas in 1869.

Also, I wonder if anyone knows what became of Forrest Banion, a cousin of

(Continued on page 59)

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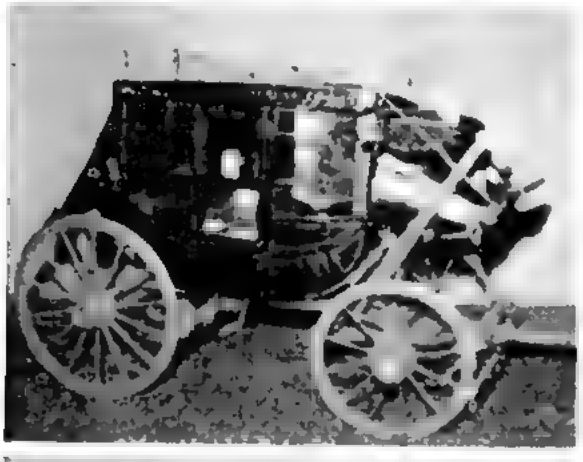
Frontier Post

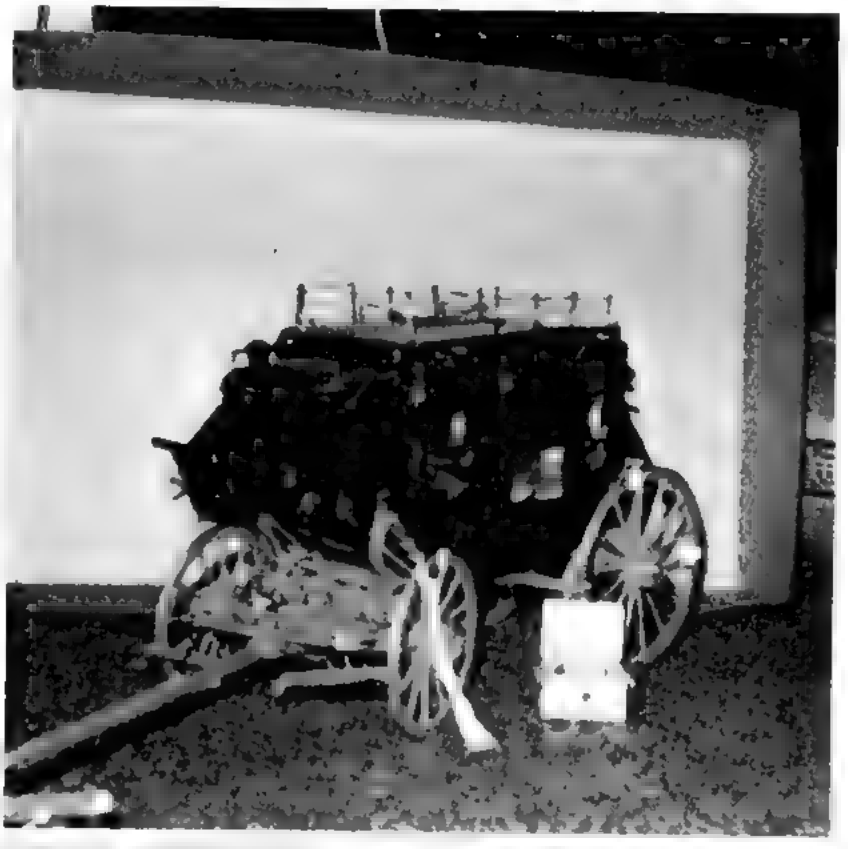
(Continued from page 5)

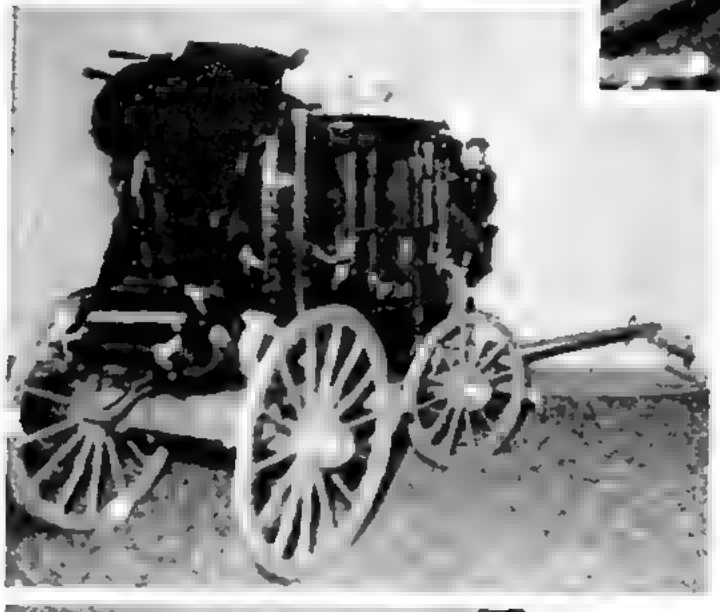
of eight children of Alice English Turner. I'm seventy-two years old.

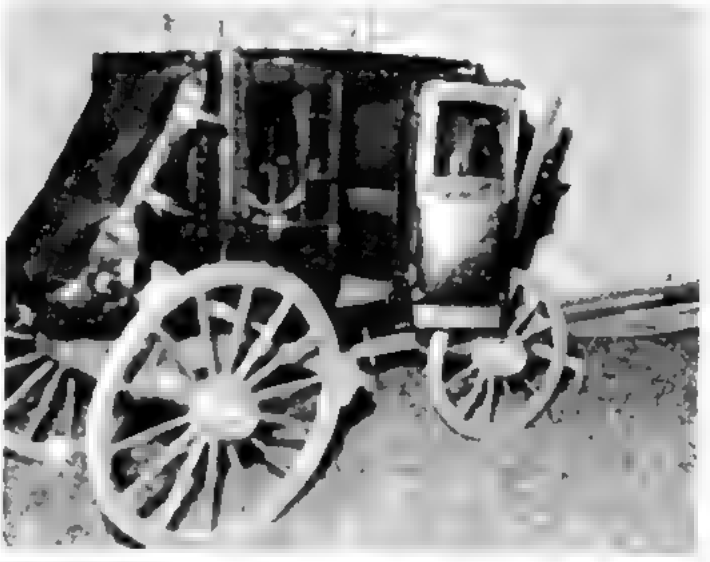
I would like to have more information on the English inlaws of Talitha Wilson English. If any of her descendants are living and can give me any information of the English family, I would like to hear from them.

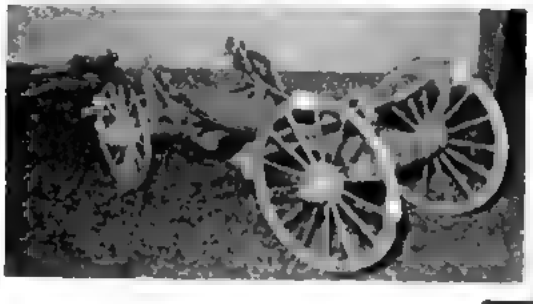
My parents were married at Bailey on December 27, 1898. My father was John William Turner. They left Bailey and settled in Eastland County in 1906 or 1907; then in 1919 they moved to Lubbock, Texas.—Mrs. Earl (Lois) Riddle, Box 206, Idalou, Texas 79329

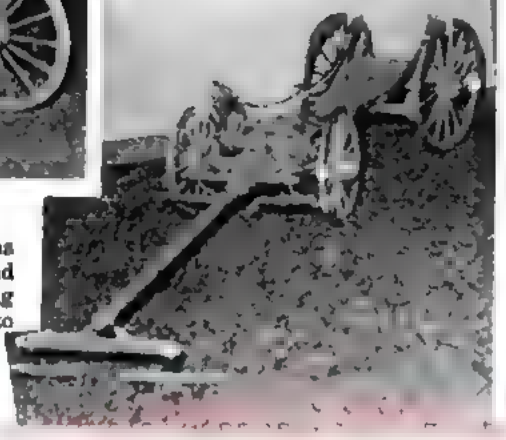












Model stagecoach, "Shibar," built by Herb Bayer, Jr. Top right, with a dress box as background to indicate its size. Notice the shotgun and strongbox.

Stagecoaches

I have been reading your publications now for about eight or nine years and you people have made a Western bug of me. A while back I had the urge to make a model of a stagecoach, so I went to the library to see if they had any books on western travel. I found a book in the children's department with a drawing and a very small plan. I had no idea how high, wide or long stages were, but from pictures I had seen I figured about five or six feet wide, six feet high and seven or eight feet long. So with this, I drew up my plans and began to build my coach. After a while, I got so I thought I could build a full-size coach, and if I had the time and place I think I would like to try.

The wood in the model is all white pine. It is all scrap wood thrown out from a lumber yard down the road from where I live. The fellows who work there got so they were saving me all the little

(Continued on page 58)

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The Soda Springs Treasures

(Continued from page 17)

hat off. He knew it was a rifle bullet. Stricken, he fell aside, struggled briefly in instinctive defense and then collapsed. His right hand refused to even twitch, let alone move to his holstered six-gun.

Dwiggins lay with his eyes closed while the footsteps of two men thudded across the ground. They stood above the hole staring into it at the iron box.

"Didn't I tell you he'd find the big treasure!" chortled the unmistakable voice of the tough case who had tried to rob Dwiggins before. "I knew the old cuss was going to find it sure as anything!"

Between them they lifted the heavy box out onto the sod. The lid opened and clanged on rust-covered hinges. A long minute of silence ensued before their bitter curses poured out at the smallness of the haul.

The two argued awhile. Then the heavy voice of the second man cut the other off short. "Well, let's get out what there is and scram. We'll get hanged as high killing a man for chicken feed as for a million bat hides!"

Only the sound of their scramble for the money in the box was heard next. Presently they strode away, disappearing into the timber and distance. For awhile Dwiggins lay motionless. Sundown had come when he fully regained consciousness. Despite a great effort he could not stir himself; it was like being paralyzed in a nightmare.

The next time he came to, bright sunlight shone in his face. He had been out all night long and his head felt as though it were tearing apart. But thankfully he could move. Staggering along slowly he reached the cabin.

Having nothing in the way of home remedies, he used bacon grease and sulphur on the gash in his head. A gash four inches long had been cut through the scalp. After a while he managed to cook a bite to still the intense hunger plaguing him. Coffee helped ease some of the pain.

The next day Dwiggins returned to the hole, reburied the box, and took his hat and shovel home. His cough grew worse and complications set in as the head wound became infected. One day he could not stand, having no strength at all. Never afterward could he recall how many days he lay half senseless and slowly starving to death. Finally the sunshine shining through the door darkened out.

Hammond's voice asked, "What happened to you?"

Dwiggins could only grin feebly through his whiskers. The cowboy dropped down beside him quickly. Brief inspection revealed his old friend to be in a bad way.

Taking over, Hammond fed and cleaned up the old man. Then he rode into Soda Springs for a doctor. During the following days he stayed at the cabin, nursing Dwiggins back to strength.

Courtesy Joe Richards Deputy Sheriff

An immigrant campsite on the Oregon Trail, far south of Soda Springs, where Dwiggins found a small treasure in coins.

The cowboy had put in his small ranch in Wyoming, but during a slack period had arranged for a neighbor's son to hold it down while he came over into Idaho for a visit.

"Good thing I did," he averred, grinning a little. "That critter finally did shoot you. But," his voice firmed earnestly, "the sawbones thinks you also got the consumption."

"Yeah, been thinking so myself for the longest," Dwiggins replied. "Anyhow, it's got too cold for me in these parts. I've been planning to go to a warm climate. Maybe down into Arizona."

When Hammond insisted that Dwiggins return with him to Wyoming to fully recover, they decided to try for the second iron box before leaving. Hobbling, Dwiggins went along to offer advice. Hammond did the digging. But the second box just wasn't there—this was not the Stillecoup treasure after all.

A few days afterward Dwiggins' considerable amount of money was packed on one mule, along with the little plunder he took along, and they rode into Wyoming.

Months later, before leaving for Arizo-

na by train, Dwiggins gave Hammond the Stillecoup map. The cowboy did nothing about it for a number of years. He married and started raising a family while prospering steadily in the cattle business. His wife, however, was a homesteader's daughter and was very dissatisfied with where they lived in Wyoming. Hammond, recalling the rich farmland in the Snake River Valley, went there to look around. He found a small farm on the edge of good grassland extending into the rolling hills. Hammond sold out in Wyoming and moved his family in 1907.

Being within 150 miles of Soda Springs he thought about the campsite treasures often. He finally went there but a month of futile searching cured him of treasure fever.

The old immigrant route to Oregon along Bear River is heralded today as a place where many things of value have been found. More remain in the ground to be uncovered. Within the past few years several small caches have been reported, and not all of them came to light through the use of detectors. Three were plowed up by farmers in 1965.

For the ordinary treasure hunter searching in those parts there are problems. All of the land on which the campsites were located (where Dwiggins and Hammond hunted) is now under private ownership. Permission to search is seldom given. The inhabitants today are fully aware of immigrant treasures, great and small, yet to be found.

Haunted Waterhole

(Continued from page 33)

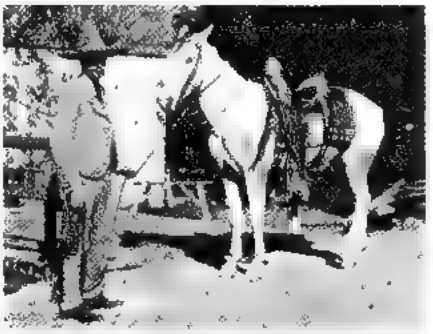
the creek the day she disappeared that night. Charlie began to turn this over in his mind, as he was fairly sure his wife did not know Brownlow, and he wondered why he was talking to her.

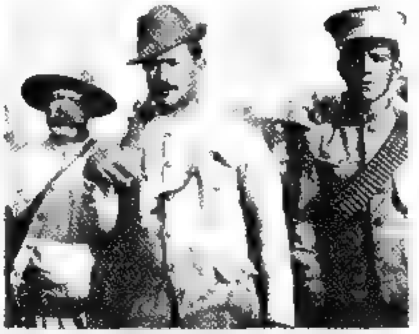
Charlie met Brownlow in the road one day, stopped him, and candidly asked him about his talking to Jenny on the day she disappeared. Brownlow admitted that he said a few words to her, but said it amounted to no more than speaking and inquiring about the baby which she held in her arms.

Evidently Brownlow rode away after this conversation, scared and believing that Charlie Papworth suspected him of foul play and fully convinced that Charlie would kill him on sight the next time they met. In order to cover up his guilty conscience and his own sins—and to save, he thought, his own life—he began to make sure he did not meet Charlie anymore but at the same time began whispering around that Charlie Papworth was stealing horses and cattle.

Brownlow slipped out several dark nights and discussed strategy with his cohorts (who called themselves Vigilantes) regarding the necessity of what he called a necktie party, and this gang actually set out one night and rounded up six people who Brownlow said were cow and horse thieves in and around Procter, Texas. They returned about daylight by the home of Charlie Papworth and pulled him out of bed, and he and his little boy fought like tigers, and continued to fight

THE MEMOIRS OF
EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER





At left, Tinker is pictured in Mexico during the Revolution, 1910. At right is Colonel Alfaro Obregon and some of his officers, 1912. These are but two of the beautifully reproduced photographs from the Tinker collection included in the book.

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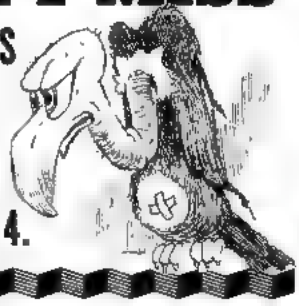
ON PAGE 4.



until they got Charlie's hands tied behind his back.

Temple was shoved aside, and the gang took Charlie Papworth along with the other six, all with their hands tied behind their backs and three or four of them blindfolded, to a large pecan tree near Charlie's house. This little boy Temple slipped along in the dark behind them and hid in the weeds, where he watched them begin to hang the men one at a time. They strung up the other six before they reached Charlie Papworth. By the time they strung up Charlie Papworth on the end of the long limb it was good daylight, and those murderers ran as fast as they could to get away.

Temple, who was still hiding in the weeds, hurried to his father, yanked at his pants so he could reach his pocket knife, then climbed the tree and cut the rope. Charlie dropped to the ground and survived the ordeal. He in turn, as quickly as he could, cut the other six men down, but it was just too late and they were all dead. Hence this large pecan tree has been called the Hanging Tree ever since.

CHARLIE Papworth knew Brownlow and two or three of the other men who tried to hang him, and knew if he didn't leave the country he would have to kill them or get killed. The following day he told Jim McDow to sell his property and he would let him know where to send the money. That afternoon Charlie walked across the field to the house of a neighbor, and bought a fine horse and saddle on credit. Charlie placed Temple up behind him on this horse, and rode out of the country never to be heard from again, except to mail the money back for the mount and saddle. The neighbor later said the letter was postmarked in Oklahoma.

Brownlow soon learned that Charlie Papworth survived the hanging, and proceeded to give himself a little extra protection. He quietly went over to Comanche and stole a pair of shoes from a store with a constable standing in front looking at him. Brownlow was arrested and placed in jail, and when he served his time he stole another pair of shoes from the same store with the owner looking. Once again he was placed in jail, and for about a year every time his sentence ran out he would steal something else and get arrested. He wanted good security from Charlie Papworth.

After Brownlow nearly rotted in jail, he was finally convinced that Charlie was gone and perhaps would never return. He then slipped out of Comanche and moved down near Cranfills Gap where he lived on an isolated farm until he died. On his deathbed in 1885, Brownlow confessed that he killed Jenny and the baby by choking them to death. He said Jenny Papworth had seen him talking to some known cattle and horse thieves, and he was afraid if this became generally known it would ruin him. He said he dropped their bodies in an old well near the house and threw rocks on top of them.

A few years later Greens Creek changed its course, and washed and cut into an old well near the Papworth home. The bones of a woman and child were found under some large rocks, also a little ring made from a dime which the baby was wearing the last time she was seen alive. There were a few glass buttons, too, from the clothing they had worn. This ended the matter as W. P. Brownlow had passed beyond the long reach of the law.

It is said that this attempted hanging of Charlie Papworth, and the actual hanging of the other six men, was the last lynching to ever occur in the community, but that Brownlow and his henchmen had used the same tree before. It was certain that at least three of the murdered men were as innocent as Charlie Papworth, and actually it was never known for sure that *any* of the men had anything to do with horse and cow stealing. There is a strong belief and evidence that this was mass murder by Brownlow to eliminate Charlie Papworth and to cover up his own crimes.

IT WAS a long while before anyone moved into the house on Greens Creek. Finally Bill Keith and his thirteen-year-old son stayed three nights in the house They said when they raised the window the first night, they felt a cold wind blow on them in August, and a little later they felt something touch their foreheads while they were in bed. Finally a noise was heard which sounded like someone scratching, and Bill Keith after some hesitation got enough courage to crack the log door. There stood Jenny, holding the baby in her arms. He slammed the door shut in her face and wanted to go home, but was ashamed and couldn't think of any way he could explain the matter to his family, so Bill went back to bed and lay there until morning without sleep

The next night nothing unusual happened, but on the third night they heard a light scratching on the front door, and both jumped up and cracked the door. There stood Jenny, holding the baby in her arms. This was too much. They slammed the door shut, crawled out through a window in the back of the house, and ran as fast as they could getting away. While running they heard the scream of a woman at the house—it sounded a little like a panther, which both had heard before.

After some delay Charlie Atchinson, who drank some and had had a few complaints from the people where he lived, decided he would move in the Papworth home. There he could do more drinking with less criticism. He was a likeable person and a coffin-maker by trade. When a person died he took the measurements of the body and built a casket on the spot, and he enjoyed a good business as such wares were not available from anywhere else. He carried all his tools of trade on horseback and was ready to go to work at any time.

Charlie Atchinson was also a violin player, and when he was lonesome he would sit and play his violin for hours. His neighbors could hear his sweet music. He had not been in the Papworth house long when the neighbors found him dead on the floor, staring up at the roof of the house. The neighbors called a local doctor, who made an extensive examination of the body and said Charlie Atchinson died of fright. This almost caused panic in the community, they had heard so much about

Jenny and the baby being around. Most people would not go near the house and always went around on their way to town.

Not long after this incident, Rube Burr and his brother Jim got involved. (Their real names were Reuben Houston Burrows and James Buchanan Burrows.) They had lived for years around Alexander, Texas. These boys were real train robbers. One night in 1875 they ventured out and up to the local saloon in town, seeking a few drinks and some relaxation from their way of earning a living. The saloonkeeper mentioned something about the Charlie Papworth house being haunted, and they perked up and said they had never been scared of a ghost. The saloonkeeper offered to bet them $200 in cash that they would not stay in the Papworth house three days and nights.

The boys called the bet and all parties put up their money with the wagon freight agent in Alexander. Those Burrows brothers feared nothing but a county sheriff with a warrant for their arrest, and they moved into the house well armed, with a little food and plenty of booze. They remained the first night, but the second night they completely disappeared. The stake holder tried to find them and could not, so he delivered the money to the saloonkeeper.

Some cowboys around town were not satisfied with the story, and they rode out to the McDow waterhole to take a look. The house was in shambles, the south wall was full of lead bullets, and the roof was so full of holes it looked like a sieve—but there was no trace or sign of the Burr brothers. They were never seen around Alexander, Texas anymore—they were just gone.

In 1889 James B. Burrows, dying with consumption in the Arkansas State Prison, told several friends that when they saw Jenny Papworth and the baby the first night, they took a drink, looked the other way and remained quiet, and Jenny went away. On the second night the woman carrying the child walked right through the wall toward them, and they opened fire with their guns; she hesitated and then began walking slowly up through the air and through the roof of the house. The boys kept firing until they ran out of ammunition, after which they opened the front door and ran for their lives. They did not look back and knew for sure they would never be back.

The Burrows brothers managed to attract several rewards for themselves dead or alive before their end, one for robbing a train in Bellevue, Texas, and one for robbing a train at Genoa Station, Arkansas, and several others for robbing trains in Alabama and Missouri. Just a short time after these boys disappeared from Alexander they were arrested in Wise County, Texas, and lodged in jail but a dumb jailer permitted one of them to go to his saddle pocket for something, and when he returned he had a loaded revolver pointed at the jailer, and once again they escaped. Their score of train robberies amounted to as many, or more, than Frank and Jesse James'. They shot it out with peace officers more than once, and were accused of killing several people during their time. James Burrows was finally captured and received a long term in the Arkansas State Prison, but Reuben Burrows was never captured and held. He always shot his way out until he fought a gun battle in 1888 with a railroad detective trying to arrest him. That time he was killed.

SAM CROW, an engineer, and John Henson, a fireman, on the local railroad both said they saw Jenny holding the baby in her arms standing on the railroad tracks one night, while they were barreling toward them. They threw on the air brakes, and barely stopped before reaching them. When the two men jumped down from the cab to remove them from the tracks they both just disappeared.

Sam Crow and John Henson said they saw this woman and child standing on the railroad tracks ahead of them on a later occasion, but with all their air brakes they could not stop in time. They saw the engine of the train hit and run over them. When the trainmen did get stopped and ran back where the woman and child had been standing, there was nothing on the tracks and the train definitely had not run over anybody. Two or three times after this experience Crow and Henson would turn the headlights off when they reached the spot where they had seen the woman twice, looking for her in the dark, but they did not see her.

Will Petty and his wife lived for years close to the McDow Waterhole. They were farmers and hauled water in a wagon from this hole every dry summer. Both said that one afternoon around 4:00 p.m. in broad daylight, years after Jenny and the baby had disappeared, as they were dipping up water in a bucket from this hole and pouring it in a barrel in their wagon, they looked up and there was Jenny holding the baby and just floating in the air a little above the water. Petty's mules, hooked to the wagon, saw the woman and child too and ran without any command. The couple was so shocked they nearly lost the barrel of water going up the creek bank.

The haunted Charlie Papworth house is now gone, but the McDow Waterhole and the Hanging Tree can be seen on Greens Creek about five miles northwest of Alexander and about nine miles southwest of Stephenville. Books, newspapers, and magazine articles have been written about the Papworths, the McDow Waterhole, and the Hanging tree in Erath County, Texas. The stories have remained the same for about one hundred years. The Burr, or Burrows brothers, had a book written about their many train robberies, and in this book mention was made of their effort and failure to collect the $200 bet for staying in the Papworth haunted house near Alexander. There are still people who once in awhile claim they see Jenny holding the baby in her arms near the waterhole.

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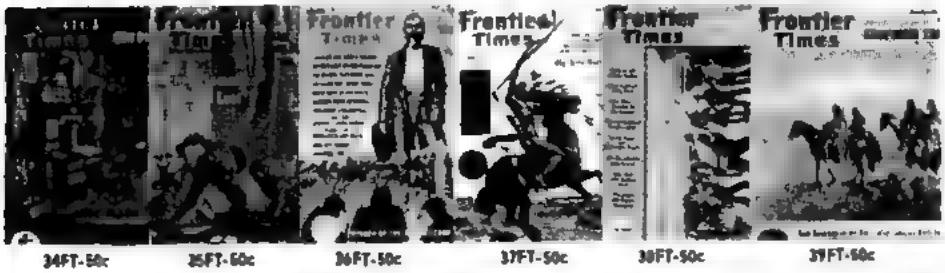

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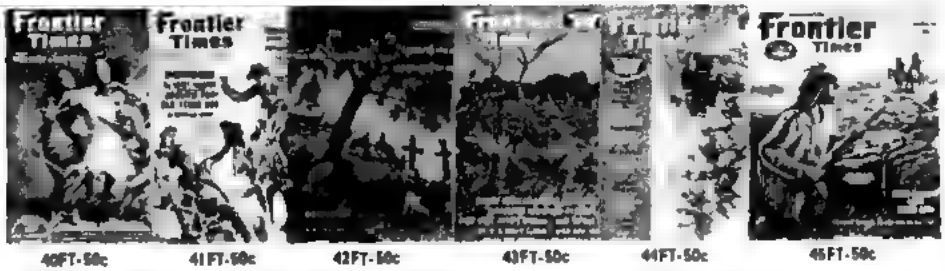

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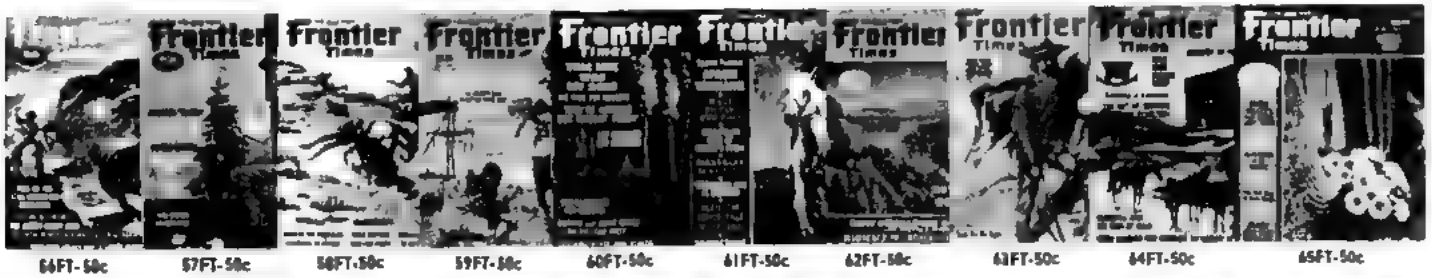

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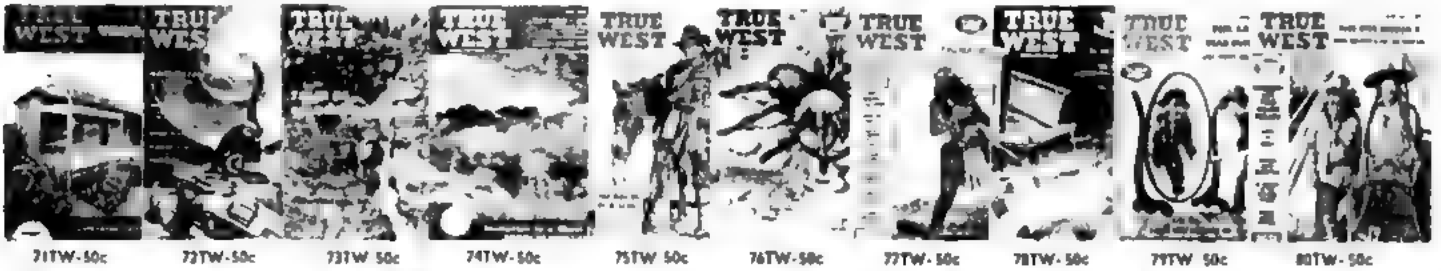

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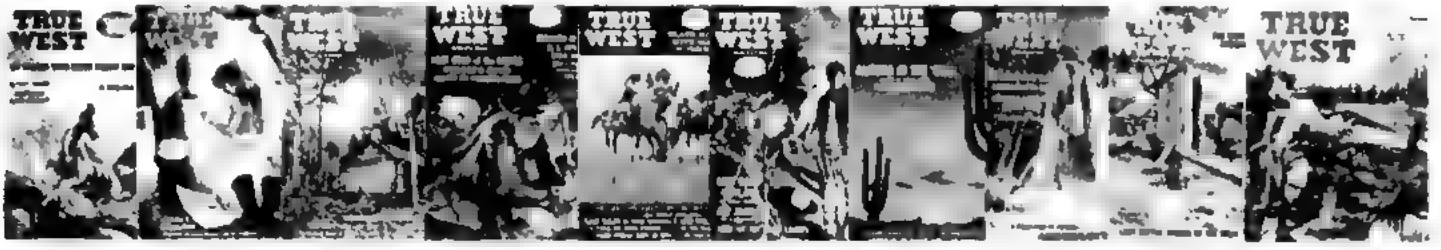

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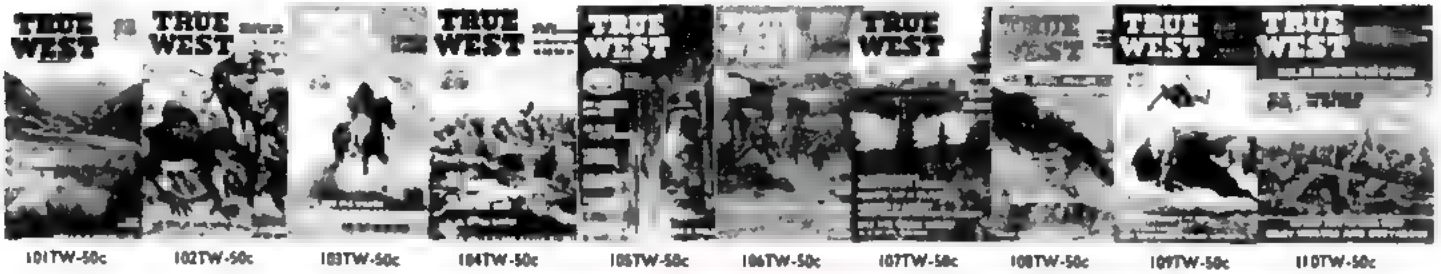

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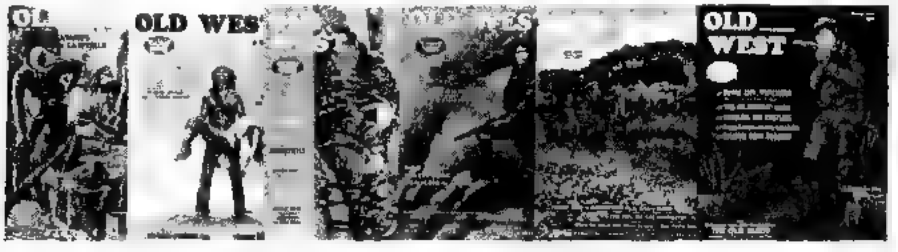

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 50)

pieces of wood. They said I was the only guy they knew who had use for wood that small. After I had finished the model I took it down to show them. One of the guys said he would sure like one. I told him if I had the machines to work with as he did, I could make anything.

After I had the running gear finished, of which there are 125 pieces of wood (27 pieces in each wheel and the brakes work), I could not for the life of me figure out how the body fastened on the thorough-brace sling. I wrote to you folks and you sent me a copy of a page from a book which said it just sat on the running gear which was why they kept falling off on a sharp turn.

Then it seemed to me that you were thinking of me, for in the next issue of *Frontier Times* (November 1970), you printed an article written by John and Mildred Frizzell which had just about everything I had been looking for—picture and all. So with all this, I started to work and after two or three years of on and off effort, here are some pictures of my Concord Overland Stage.

All parts are hand-made. The only things bought were the nuts and bolts, twenty of each, and screws of which there are fifty. The railing on top of the coach is made from old electric wire. The brake rods are of aluminum welding rod. All chains are made from copper and aluminum wire. The buckles on the window curtains and back boot cover are made of aluminum wire, which work, as you can see in the picture. The window curtains roll down and the boot cover can be unbuckled and lifted up. The interior is all upholstered in red velvet; the seats and doors are all padded; and the pictures on the doors are from one of the Christmas card advertisements in your publication. The painting was all done by me. The running gear is yellow with black striping; the coach is red with gold striping. The only thing I could not make was the locks on the doors and believe me, I tried!

The scale is one inch to one foot which makes the coach nine inches high, six inches wide from the outside of the wheels, and twenty-one inches long from the back wheel to the tip of the tongue. In all, there are 200 to 225 pieces of wood in the whole model. I started to keep track of them, but lost count somewhere along the line.

All I need now are eight very small people, one to drive and one to use the shotgun that I also made. It breaks but has no shells. And some little letter for the strong box, and four very small fast horses, and it is all set to head West. They said the driver gets to name the coach so I, being the builder, am the driver, and I named the coach "Shibar," the first three letters of my wife's and daughter's names.—Herbert Bayer, Jr., 3918 Eddystone Dr., Cincinnati, Ohio 45239

SEE PAGE 63!

Correction

Our Lady of the Little Rockies

Several readers have pointed out an error in location of this shrine (May, 1973 issue). It is not located on the Fort Peck Reservation as stated but on the Fort Belknap Reservation. The Indians at the latter are Cree, Gros Ventre and Assiniboine, not Sioux, Gros Ventre and Assiniboine. Our thanks to all of you.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 49)

my husband, Lester Banion. Forrest went West from Hillsboro, Illinois and we have lost the family. Last heard of in Arizona or New Mexico, I believe.—Mrs. Lester R. Banion, Route 1, Box 40, Independence, Kansas 67301

Winterstein-Skeen-Russell

Information wanted about William Winterstein, born about 1842, who married Catherine Burnett, born 1846. Catherine was the daughter of John Burnett and Anna E. (Vanness) Burnett. They had the following children: William, Gene, Grant, Ethel, Kate, Ben, Ray, Tom, Susie and Mattie. No dates and possibly not born in this order. They lived around Iowa City and Griswold, Iowa.

Also records wanted of the late Amos Skeen, no dates, who married Anna Blanche Burnett June 20, 1913. Anna went by the name of Blanche, the daughter of George VanNess Burnett and Laura (Parrott) Burnett. They had a son named Amos DeWand Skeen who went by the name of DeWand. Amos was a city fireman of Seattle, Washington and was a member of the Masonic Lodge. Blanche was a member of The Daughters of the Nile. DeWand was born September 19, 1915 in Seattle.

My wife wishes to correspond with Clyde or Paul Russell or both. They are the sons of the late Ernest and Susie Russell of Mississippi. Clyde and Paul could be now living in either Texas or Mississippi. They knew my wife years ago as Bettie Irene Broome of Canton, Mississippi.—Howard G. Burnett, 2417 S. E. Ladd, Portland, Oregon 97214

Miller

Two or three years ago I read a letter from Til L. Beckworth Miller. It gave her address as 314 Missouri St., Deer Ridge, Montana 59722. I wrote her two letters and both were returned. If she sees this I wish she would contact me. I don't know anything about her Beckworths in New Mexico, but do research on

(Continued on page 72)

Queen and King of the Klondike

(Continued from page 25)

"Some day I'm going to come up here and lay my bones by this memorial to the only woman I ever loved," he said, "and no vigilantes need investigate, for I'll die by my own hand. I am a believer in suicide."

The Packer's wife took exception to so much publicity concerning his lost love, and he wrote me, "I married an Irish woman with sons taller than I am. She is very religious, and told me that I would die like everyone else, and be buried in the graveyard, but no cemetery could ever hold the soul of Newman."

The Fates ruled against Jack's plans. One day in April 1931 he was walking the streets of Seattle in apparently good health, when suddenly he was struck down with acute appendicitis. From his hospital bed he sent me a telegram, "I think I'm a goner," he said. "I'm as helpless as Soapy Smith after Frank Reid shot him at Juneau. Take care of the little Packer. *When they get me, they get nothing.*"

They got the Packer, who died shortly afterward. He left life behind him, but not according to his creed. The sod was packed over his coffin in a Roman Catholic cemetery, far separated from that of Mollie, and even farther from her monument in the Northland.

A Place Called Topock

(Continued from page 12)

building. Jim made a jab at Mr. Snake and he disappeared under the house where we couldn't even see him.

Bouncer followed us as we turned back through the gate and looked as if he were trying hard to understand what we were so excited about. That night Jim unpacked the shotgun and we were never caught so unprepared again. I wish now I had kept track of all the snakes we killed; they were a goodly number.

A few days after the rattler crawled under the house and about the same time in the evening, I heard the second snake. This time we got through the gate and around the house in a more orderly fashion. Bouncer was near some low brush out along a trail which went down to the river. He barked to let us know about the location of the snake, which was hard to see in the twilight because of the shale-colored rock, even though the snake was singing away. When Jim raised the gun to shoot, Bouncer left the scene. He disliked the bang of the shotgun.

Jim took a stick and pulled the snake out from under the bush and we saw at once that this was not the snake that went under the house, so we turned back disappointed. We knew the other snake was still lurking under our living quarters. Like it or not, this was going to be a way of life.

ABOUT two weeks passed and we were beginning to hope the big rattler had gone his merry way when returning from Topock one evening after dark, we received a real surprise.

Our first trip down the hill was to carry the children who were asleep. We had just laid them on their beds, and Jim was lighting another lantern to return up the hill for the supplies, when a terrible noise broke loose under the kitchen part of the house quite near

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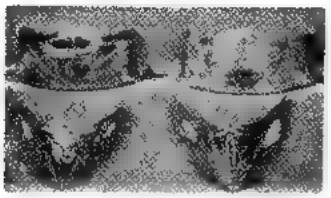

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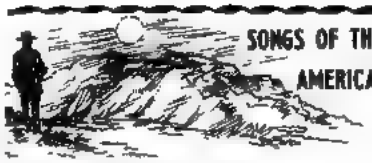

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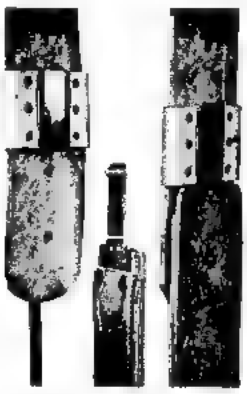

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the only door to the outside.

By then the kitten had begun to get a little strength and was always at the door to greet us, but this night he had not been there. All at once I knew what the noise under the house was all about. The snake had the kitten and was trying to make a meal of him. I jumped up and down and yelled with all my strength, and the noise stopped. I then grabbed a flashlight from the table and ran outside to the fence just in time to see, by the dim moon, the kitten run down the trail toward the river.

Poor little kitten, he must have been scared almost out of his hide and we wondered if the snake had bitten him. Jim took the lantern and tried to see up under the house, but the snake was so far it wasn't visible. At least we knew it was still there.

The kitten was gone three days and we were afraid he was dead. However, after sundown on the third day he came up to the house. My, what a mess—head swollen twice as large as it should be; eyes running bloody water; and we could see marks where the snake had almost swallowed him. As the kitten pulled away, the snake had struck and caught the kitten along its jaw. The story was all there.

Jim's training while in the Seventh Cavalry had taught him much about animals and their treatment. He took the kitten, cleaned it up with mild disinfectant and made it as comfortable as possible, saying that if the kitten had been going to die it would never have come up from the river.

That little kitten grew into a beautiful cat. His name was simply Tom, the only name he ever had. Tom earned his keep many times over, because he was instigator in the death of many snakes. When he'd find one he'd place himself a short distance in front—and that cat seemed to know just how far back safe was if the snake should strike. There Tom would sit with his tail moving from side to side looking Mr. Snake squarely in the eye, while the snake sang and watched the cat.

Early one morning Jim and I watched Tom and a snake, at least six feet long, put on quite a show. The snake didn't coil as most snakes do; but watching the cat he began to sway back and forth while, lifting himself off the ground until he was at least two feet up, swaying and rattling and looking the cat in the eye while the rest of his body was stretched out on the ground behind. It made one think of the pictures of a cobra coming out of a basket. Too bad we didn't get a picture before Jim broke the little game up and killed the snake.

The snake was a beauty of his kind and we were both sad to think he had run into our cat. It would have been interesting to see which would have won, but we lacked the nerve to let the battle of wills continue. About a week after the snake under the house tried to make a meal out of the kitten, Bouncer spied him as he was crawling away and he, too, received the shotgun treatment.

Our cat and dog were very valuable possessions. The snakes held a charm for Tom who never showed any fear of them. Bouncer, though, felt a keen respect for a snake and always kept his distance.

THAT FALL the store changed hands. Lila and Jack Carraca moved back to their home above Oatman, and the Jones brothers, Bill and Morgan, took over the service station and store at Topock. Bill and Morgan Jones were cattlemen who had lived around Kingman all their lives, but the drouth had wiped them out. This was before the days of hauling cattle by truck from place to place, and a drouth could break a cattleman. Since Jim had been a cowboy and cavalryman we made friends with the Jones family without any trouble. Bill and Florence had four children, the oldest one twelve years old and the youngest the same age as our son.

Spring and high water came early that year. A young fellow just out of school, Kenneth McCarter, came to help Jim. We took our vacation in August and I remember the heat and terrible roads across the desert from Needles and Victorville. We slept at Amboy on cots the first night, then drove on to Yorba Linda to the home of friends, Edd and Lorine Speckman, the next day. They had a fine orange grove, and this was the first time any of us had ever seen an orange on a tree.

Jim and Edd had come from the same town in Illinois and had gone to school together.

McCarter left for Tucson as soon as we returned. He said the temperature had been 130 degrees in the house while we were gone. I was so thankful we were away. Summer lasted well into fall that year and I could see that Jim was restless and had something on his mind. He kept talking of the future when we could buy a business or get a ranch. This had been our goal when we came to Arizona in the first place.

Life at the station was ever a strain. Scorpions—we never put on a piece of clothing or our shoes without first checking for a scorpion. Then in the early morning when one could have slept, this being the coolest part of the day, a tiny black gnat would begin his day with breakfast off anyone who was around. All these things were more than Jim wanted his family to put up with forever. He began to talk of leaving. Holding a steady government job had not yet lulled Jim's mind into a state of complacency.

That fall W. E. Dickenson, head of the U.S.G.S. in Tucson, received a letter from Jim stating that he would like to be relieved at Topock. Dickenson replied by asking if he knew one Frank B. Dodge who had applied for a job with the U.S.G.S.

This came as a surprise as the last letter we had enjoyed from Dodge had been from Alaska where he was working with a survey group going toward the North Pole. He and the others were mapping the vast oil lands there and we had no idea he was back in the States. We had been friends since 1921, when we first went to Lee's Ferry. His letters were filled with many interesting stories, full of color, and, spiced with a thread of comedy. (These letters were lost when our home in Yuma burned in 1938.)

Dodge arrived in November with more paraphernalia than we had brought in 1925. There were boxes and boxes, books, guns, reloading equipment for reloading ammunition, and two overgrown pups Dodge had rescued from the pound in Tucson. Jim looked in dismay at all the boxes and at Dodge who kept talking about the many things he was going to do while running the station. He seemed to think the job was play. Jim did the best he could to teach him about the work and to impress on him the importance of the job and keeping the records.

On January 1, 1927, Dodge took the job over and we were headed once again to California, hoping to find a business.

IN MAY a letter arrived from Dodge asking if Jim wanted to take the job back. Dickenson was unhappy with the records and had told Dodge if Jim would return, he could leave.

Life in the big city had been rough on us country Klohrs or Jim never would have considered returning to Topock, but just six months from the day we left we were back, having learned a lesson of value—a man with a family had better stick to a steady job. This time we knew what we were in for.

Dodge was like a cat on a tin roof on a summer day, and a little put out with us because we would not take his two Airedale pups, which by now were big dogs. We felt with the children and Bouncer and the cat, we had enough.

One morning Dodge came bustling into the house, when the stove had been temperamental, and wanted to know why there was no coffee. He was one person who wanted coffee as soon as he got out of bed, and as yet the coffee had not boiled. Then Dodge made a remark about taking the dogs to Parker with him and if he couldn't find a home for them he would just shoot them.

This remark hit me the wrong way, so in a catty tone I said, "You know, Dodge, if you had a wife and you decided to go somewhere and she were in your way, then no doubt you would just up and shoot her."

This really shook him up and he dashed out of the house to find Jim who was down at the gauge well. Dodge told Jim I was sick and he should take me to a psychiatrist—no less. But Jim was far too busy getting ready for high water to bother with our spats, and anyway all was well as soon as the coffee was ready.

Jim, the children and I stood on the riverbank one hot afternoon while Dodge loaded his gear into an old canoe left at the station by some movie people, who had shot some pictures while we were away. We felt sorry for the dogs and for not being able to keep them, but Dodge was off to another exciting job, building some special boats to make a trip through Grand Canyon.

This had been the third crossing of our lives but was not to be the last. Goodbyes were said and we watched our friend and his two dogs drift out of sight around the bend of the river. When Dodge got to Los Angeles he sent the children some lovely gifts, a big red bus for Jimmie and for Helen a doll as large as she was. He also sent a wooden swing to enjoy in the yard.

John and Margaret Baumgartner, a pair of newlyweds, came to be with us at the station through high water. How wonderful to have a woman around. We had a good summer.

Margaret was quite an acrobat, so while the men were out on the cable and doing important work, we cooked, cared for the children, and did all kinds of stunts. When I was thirteen I could ride a horse with the best and milk at least six cows before going to school; but to stand on my head would have been unladylike, so this I had never learned. Margaret was trying to teach me and had me balanced in a corner of our only room, when I slid to one side and my foot went through a window. The children thought this was very funny and we all had a good laugh. When the men came in we had to tell them how the window was broken which ended with all of us trying different stunts in the evenings. The Baumgartners and Klohrs enjoyed many years of friendship.

Watching the drift float on the water is a way of life when one lives by a river. Once I saw a dead cow, floating high on the water, get caught by a whirlpool. It spun around the edge a few times and was sucked under, never to appear again. And I could see some others two or three miles downstream. Tall trees would drift along with only a few branches showing, then all at once the current of a whirlpool would catch the tree, stand it up straight, suck it under and it would be gone forever. We talked about this often and wondered why these things never came up. Well we, our family, nearly found out.

One morning Bill Jones called from the store at Topock and told Jim he had just seen three large rowboats, fastened together, pass under the bridge on their way down the river. Bill thought if Jim knew in time he might rig up a weight or something and drop it into the boats and stop them. This Jim did; but by the time he finished with the measurement the boats had not come in sight. We decided to take a lunch and go have a picnic up the river a mile or so and see if the boats were hung up in a big eddy just above a jetty of rock which pushed the water out into the canyon.

Jim took the canteen and Jimmy on his back, Helen and I walking behind with the lunch and snakebite kit. Bouncer would run back along the trail between Jim and me as if to tell us all was okay. We kept an eye out for snakes, but also watched the river for the boats. At last we topped a hill and looked down. There, floating lazily, were the three boats, caught on the drift out in the center of the eddy.

Jim had lived as a boy on the Illinois River, and we had been on the Colorado since 1921 so there was never any doubt in my mind as to what Jim could do with a boat. Soon he had the three boats pulled to shore and we found a name plate that told us they belonged to some Indians who lived on the Mojave Reservation across the river from Needles.

As we enjoyed our lunch, on this beautiful fall day, we discussed how to handle the three boats. We needed wood for the heater, which was hard to get during the winter, so we decided to fill one of

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the boats with wood from the drift piled high on the bank, and leave the other two tied up in the eddy. We would bring them down one by one filled with wood.

A jetty of rocks extended out into the river, forcing the water over into the canyon. High waves splashed and rolled over and around these rocks, sending white spray high into the air. I asked Jim if he thought there was any danger; he assured me that he could pull the boat upstream to the top of the eddy and then shove out into the main current and we would never get near the point.

This sounded fine to me, so we filled the boat with choice pieces of drift and were ready to cast off. The children sat at the stern; I sat on the seat with my back downstream. Bouncer barked from the shore as Jim pulled away, but he knew the way home so was left to follow on foot.

Jim was pulling away when the children demanded my attention and when I looked I saw that Jim was white as a ghost. He yelled for me to get down, we were going to hit the point. He only had one oar; the other oar lock had broken off. We hit what seemed like an endless group of waves. Each time the boat climbed over a wave we took on water. I was trying to cover the children with my body and watching Jim struggle with the heavy craft. All at once the boat sailed around the point and I looked down into the biggest whirlpool one could imagine. Jim was pulling with all his strength to keep the boat from its rim, and each time we went around I tried to grapple with the shale ledge rising several feet above my head. Then my memory left me. I don't know how it happened but in some way I climbed over the children, Jim, and the wood and got the anchor chain. And I climbed up that wall.

My senses returned when I felt the dog licking my face and Jim calling to me to help get the children. I never knew when Jim took the chain from me. We all sat on that cliff with tears flowing and feeling nothing but thankfulness. But for the grace of God we would have been at the bottom of the river, no one ever knowing our fate, because Jim was the only one who could swim.

When our composure returned, Jim was able to work the boat out of the corner of rough water and bring it to the station. The children, Bouncer, and I walked back to the house and that was the last time we ever took them on the river in a boat. I had never been afraid before.

DURING the hot weather few people came out into the rough country around the Needles Peaks. But in winter, prospectors came to their diggings to do assessment work on mining claims. We were never surprised to have a visitor. All the miners were friendly and liked to come for a meal and to swap yarns.

One evening that fall, after the children were in bed, I stepped outside in the gathering dusk and stood by the fence waiting for Jim to come up the trail from pumping water. He had been gone longer than usual and it was getting dark.

I turned around to go into the house, thinking to light a lantern, and there stood a man just a few feet from me. Where he came from we will never really know. I had not heard a sound of anyone walking. He didn't come down the trail from the garage or up the river trail leading to Topock because he would have seen Jim first. He just appeared out of nowhere without making a sound.

I was frightened, silently praying that Jim would soon come up the trail. The fellow was between me and the door and I couldn't get back into the house. So there I stood, listening to a story of where he came from which I did not believe. He had bright red hair and was

Christina, Jimmy, Helen, and Bouncer photographed in a wash along the road to Topock.

rather unkempt, and his build was such that I would have hated to tangle with him.

At last I heard Jim's footsteps coming up from the river. Up to this time I suspect the man thought I was alone. Bouncer had been down the trail with Jim so there was no warning bark. To my misgivings Jim asked the fellow in, but we really had no choice. Jim got the lantern going and asked if he had eaten, to which he replied that he hadn't. We fixed him something to eat while he told a story of riding a freight train and meeting a fellow who told him that some twenty miles or so below Topock bridge down the river was a camp with plenty of food, a tent and everything to get one through the winter. The redhead claimed he was trying to find that camp. He said he had been told the camp was there for anyone who wanted it. Jim listened to his story and surprised me by saying that come morning he would go with the fellow downriver and help him find the camp.

The next morning after the gauges were read and the report was sent, to my dismay Jim and the redhead took off down the river with back packs, water, and a lantern to help them see the trail if dark should catch them. The only good thing about it was that Jim had talked to Bill Jones before he left. This was my only comforting thought as the children and I watched the two men disappear around the bend of the river. I prayed earnestly for my husband's safe return.

Fall days are short but this was one of the longest days in my life. Darkness came. I fed the children, told their favorite stories and sang their songs—"Old Dan Tucker," for Jimmie and "Preacher and the Bear" for Helen. I sang until both were asleep. Bouncer sensed my uneasiness and we both had our ears tuned to one thing, a sound from down the river trail. My hearing was of the best and many of our friends kidded me about hearing from long distances, long before anyone else could detect a sound.

Once when we were at Lee's Ferry, Jim and Kassel, the engineer helping Jim through high water, sat reading and I came in from outside and told them I had heard a car grinding out of a wash but could not tell from which direction it was coming. Neither of the men looked up, but one of them remarked, "No doubt the car is coming over the divide at Flagstaff 150 miles away and will arrive sometime tomorrow."

Both men laughed as I went out to wait for the car, but sure enough half an hour later one came around the point from Paria Creek.

What a relief when I saw the dim light of the lantern as Jim and the stranger came around the bend of the river trail. Both men were footsore and tired, for their packs were loaded with all kinds of food. They had found the camp in disarray—a good boat with a hole chopped in its side and the ax thrown down in the mud, flour sacks ripped down the side with a knife, the same for sugar, canned goods thrown in all directions as far as a man could throw. A fire had half burned the tent. The camp looked as if someone had gone berserk and deliberately wrecked everything. Whoever set the camp up had brought canned butter, and bacon hung in slabs on a tree with treated strings of some kind to keep the ants away. So, what a mystery. Jim paid the redhead what both decided was a fair price and he was on his way.

Bill Jones was a deputy sheriff, and Jim told him about the camp; Jim also made another trip down the river to see if he could find out what really had happened. Officers from Kingman worked their way down from another direction, but the true story remains unsolved—just another incident lost to history.

In the spring of 1928 we were expecting our third child. I wanted to return to Flagstaff where I knew a doctor and had friends. In April, before high water, Jim took the children and me to Flagstaff. We rented a house from Alf Dickerson, who owned the old Pine Hotel. John Baumgartner was sent to Lee's Ferry to help in the high water so Margaret came and stayed with me. Joe Gatewood arrived to help Jim at Topock and stayed on when we went on to Yuma in July. Going to Yuma was a little like going to heaven; we could have ice, a fan—and, best of all, people for neighbors.

As I think back over the years and the many wonderful people who touched our lives, I am thankful for every one. Hardships never counted—just the friends.

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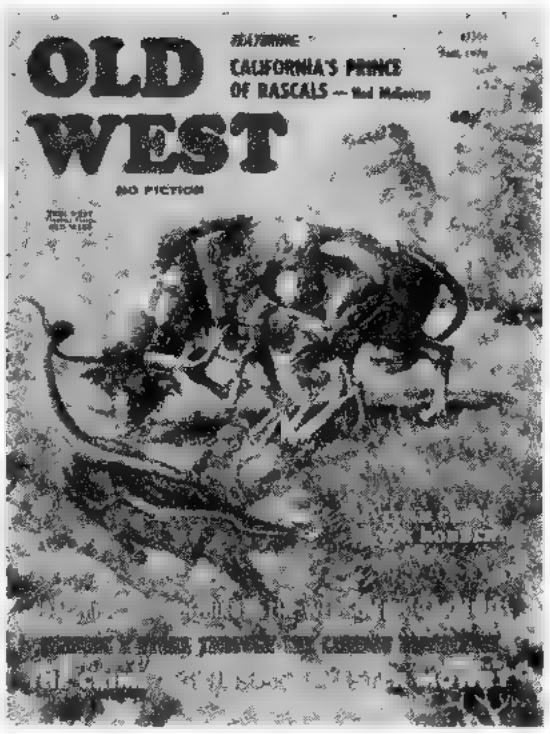

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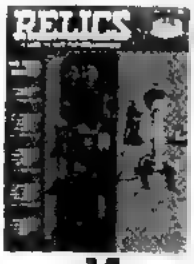

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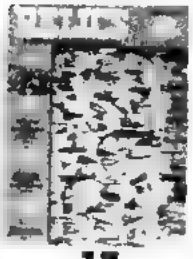
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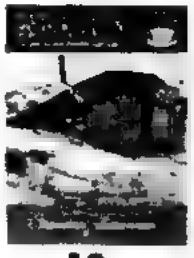
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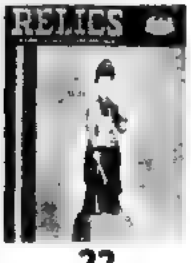

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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PRINTER WITHOUT PEER

It is not often that a printer is accorded a one-man show. But then most printers are not master artists of the page and book. Carl Hertzog of El Paso was honored with an exhibition of his work at the Institute of Texan Cultures in San Antonio from November 20, 1970 to January 31, 1971. Al Lowman compiled the catalog of this exhibition, *Printer at the Pass: The Work of Carl Hertzog* (Institute of Texan Cultures, Box 1226, San Antonio, Texas 78294, $8.50 plus 21¢ handling—Texas residents add Sales Tax) and Bill Wittliff designed the book (it is suspected that Carl lent a hand to both his young friends). It is a handsome job and a fitting tribute to the master typographer of The Pass who is one of the few designers collected for the excellence of his work. William D. Holman, Professor of the History and Art of the Book at the University of Texas, chooses "A Hertzog Dozen" in an informative essay in which he explains why they are his favorites. He credits Carl with introducing fine bookmaking in Texas with the production of Owen White's *Just Me and Other Poems* in 1924—Carl was twenty-two and a relatively new employee of the McMath Company at El Paso at the time. There is a very good portrait of Carl by his friend and protege Jose Cisneros and the book is illustrated with a choice lot of covers, dust jackets and title pages from Carl's books. Lowman has annotated the catalog of 262 "Books & Pamphlets" and there is much on Carl's collaboration with his friend Tom Lea, the great El Paso artist and writer, and such noted Texas authors as J. Frank Dobie and J. Evetts Haley. While no attempt was made to even list the vast number of other printings done by or under the supervision of Hertzog, there is a short section "Selected Ephemera" that does give an insight as to the scope of his work. Highly recommended.

TWO FOR TOMBSTONE

Billy King's Tombstone, the Private Life of an Arizona Boom Town (reprinted by the University of Oklahoma Press, $3.95 paper and $7.50 cloth) by C. L. Sonnichsen, reveals the seamy side of life in the old mining town. A bartender, gambler and saloon keeper, Billy King's recollections provided the author the information used in this book. The racy characters that inhabited outlaw hideouts, gambling dens, dance halls and floozy parlors provided much more interesting copy than tales of the lives of the respectable citizens who operated mines, legitimate businesses and brought about cultural improvements. No coverage is given to the mining boom which built the town. The author left the Earp-Clanton and OK Corral episodes to other narrators and dwelt on headline-makers of a little later period. These included outlaw, gambler, murderer and bedroom pirate Buckskin Frank Leslie; Bert Alvord and Billy Stiles who alternated as peace officers and outlaws; boom town belles Nosey Kate, Crazy Horse Lil, and Madame Moustache; gambler Dick Clark; benevolent Dr. Goodfellow; residents of Rotten Row; and lethal Sheriff John Slaughter. While this was Sonnichsen's first book, it demonstrates his vision as a researcher and his ability to write, borne out later by even better works such as *Cowboys and Cattle Kings* and others.

The Last Chance, Tombstone's Early Years (reprinted by the University of Nebraska Press, $1.75) by John Myers Myers, covers the major hellraising lore that Hollywood, fiction writers and legend builders have given this mining town of scarlet fame. With its setting in Apache country on Goose Flat on a branch of the San Pedro River, Tombstone has become a legendary town featuring the famous feuds between the Earp and Clanton gangs, stagecoach holdups, fussing among law and order men, barroom toughs, hookers, and inhabitants of Boot Hill. The town on Goose Flat had more than its share of hardcases and gun fights, and stories about them make exciting reading. However, these represent but a small part of Tombstone history where silver mining became the major preoccupation and was responsible for the town's being there. Edward I. Schieffelin, the discoverer of the local silver wealth and promoter of mine production, is Tombstone's bona fide hero and benefactor. Miners who raised the ore from the ground, smelted it, and helped develop businesses, schools and churches were the important characters of the town. But they failed to get the press accorded more colorful gunmen, outlaws, and other vice-mongers who made the headlines.

A Patron Saint

(Continued from page 27)

brought his own cup for drinking water, which was kept in a bucket near the door.

As a member of the school board, Wertheim worked diligently to get the new red-brick schoolhouse, which was so well constructed that it has served the children of Dona Ana and the neighboring rural district since 1916, with appropriate additions to meet increased population.

Whatever concerned the families of the village was of interest to Wertheim and through the years he came to know a great deal about them. His store was usually an early destination of a new priest at Our Lady of Purification Church, seeking information about the parishioners and support for his work. Although Wertheim had been raised in the Jewish faith, he always attended Catholic *fiestas* and fund-raising dinners and generously supported all religious projects.

The storekeeper kept an eye on the markets and advised farmers what crops would be in demand and how to increase their income. The people came to rely on his advice about legal and financial matters—and to seek his help in times of trouble. A loan from "Geronimo," as the Spanish-speaking villagers translated "Herman," was their first thought in times of emergency.

The request of a mother with a sick son—"*Por favor*, Geronimo, lend me $50 for the operation"—would be answered with cash from the store register, and her "*Dios lo bendiga*" (God bless you) assurance enough that the money would be repaid. Wertheim is still remembered gratefully and affectionately by many older residents whom he supported through the early years of the Depression in the 1930s.

The Shrine of Santo Nino de Atocha, established by the great-grandparents of the author and her brother, Ramon Abeyta, around 1840, is still maintained by the family. The image of the little saint was brought by the colonists to bless their new homes.

WERTHEIM'S facility in Spanish and English developed rapidly after he settled permanently in Dona Ana, but he preferred to speak English and tried to teach his Spanish-language customers common words and expressions to use in their transactions. The results were sometimes amusing, as they were when an elderly man came in one day to buy some candy.

"What kind would you like?" Wertheim asked. Looking over the assortment in the buckets, the man replied, "Oh, everybody." The pleased, chuckling proprietor, of course, gave him more than his money's worth.

Tolerant, kind, and sympathetic with poor and honest people, Wertheim was nevertheless a shrewd businessman and not easily outwitted in his dealings with more prosperous customers. If negotiating with a clever bargainer, his blue eyes would take on a steady glint and he would argue vehemently through the clouds of smoke from the pipe which was always clutched in his slender, sensitive hands.

When Wertheim retired in 1938, after forty-eight years in business, his little general store had outlived its role in the community. Its closing was the end

Doña Ana villagers took refuge in this fort-like adobe house while the men fought off Apache attacks.

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The author holds two degrees from The University of Texas and is a former instructor in history at Stephen F. Austin, Nacogdoches, Texas.

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of an era in Dona Ana. The small farms had been absorbed into larger holdings, and modern transportation and a wage-economy had changed old customs and linked the village more closely to its bigger neighbor, Las Cruces. Wertheim, the pioneer merchant who had done much to stimulate and guide the people through the transition years, spent the rest of his life in Dona Ana with his daughter and only child, Mrs. Frances Barncastle, and eight grandchildren.

Like most European immigrants in the 19th century, Wertheim had been attracted to America as a land of opportunity. An adventurous fifteen-year-old, he left his family behind and after a short stay in Alabama, followed the railroad into the romantic West to try his fortune. Many years later, after the death of his mother, he returned to Germany to bring back his father and younger brothers and sisters. They visited at intervals in Dona Ana but found the cities of the Midwest more to their liking.

Wertheim's career as merchant and civic promoter in Dona Ana reflects the trends of the westward expansion of the 19th century, when outside influences and capital contributed to the economic development of the Southwestern territories. But in Wertheim's adopted village, the recollections of his pleasing smile, understanding, and personal favors generously given are fond memories of the lonely, immigrant boy who chose to cast his lot with theirs long ago.

The Courage of Charlotte Martin

(Continued from page 35)

Soldiers came along and killed him and left his mutilated body lying in the road for Mrs. Frazier to find. (The foundation stones of Frazier's mill are still in place on Sugar Creek a few miles south of Newtonia.) Charlotte had helped Mrs. Frazier get through the trying time and they had become close friends. It was several miles to the Frazier place and Charlotte, when she decided to pull out, thought she would try to make the Frazier mill for the first night's camp.

Piling their few belongings into the old covered wagon she loaded the smaller girls on top of the household goods and with her mother beside her on the spring seat, they took their last look at home.

All that first day they drove slowly, very slowly. You cannot hurry oxen. The road wound through the rough and rugged Ozark Mountains where roads at best were merely dim trails and often impassable without first clearing away a fallen tree or perhaps piling rocks or dead brush into a washed out gully or creek crossing. As the long summer twilight faded, Charlotte became increasingly alarmed. They should have already reached the Frazier mill and homestead; in the rapidly darkening night she knew they were lost.

To quell the mounting fear in the children Charlotte assured them that she could find the trail again by going back a short way. It would be faster to take the old horse then turn the oxen and drive them back, so Charlotte mounted well up on the suffering beast to avoid the great saddle sore, and took off into the darkness.

A short distance from the wagon she came to the foot of a high mountain and here something—some wild animal—came at Charlotte. Charlotte turned the old horse, that perhaps was even more frightened than she, and they raced back to the wagon.

She told Grandpa, "I was real scared but I never wanted to get the kids scared and afraid to go to sleep so I asked Ma to help me unhitch the oxen and get them tied up to some good stout trees away from the wagon and I told Ma about the animal that had come at me. We got the beds fixed for the kids and then ate some cold supper that we had brought from home. We couldn't have a fire so we had to just sit there in the dark and watch the kids sleep and listen for the animal. We didn't have very long to wait for as soon as it was pitch dark, the screaming of the beast started up right close to the wagon.

"Ma and me beat on tin pans and pounded on the wagon tires and hollered and done everything we could think of to make noise trying to scare the animal away. We never slept that night, for the beast would scream just like a woman every little bit and the oxen kept lowing and making fradie sounds and we were afraid to go where they were tied up for the beast might jump out on us or get one of the kids while we were gone. We just sat up all night, and every time the beast screamed we pounded on the pans and hollered back.

"Next morning as soon as it was light enough to see we hitched up the oxen and got away from there," Charlotte continued, "and in just a little while we came to a graveyard and I knew it was where we had buried Mr. Frazier. Pretty soon we came to the Frazier place and Mrs. Frazier was real glad to see us and cooked a big breakfast. It was the first hot food we had had since we left home."

In her "Experiences". Charlotte Martin wrote, "We did not have any matches in those days. I had never heard of one then. So we could not cook any supper. We had some bread for the children."

AFTER breakfast with Mrs. Frazier they once again headed out in the general direction that Charlotte had determined to take and as she told Grandpa, "We just kept going. We kept the oxen moving as fast we could and we made camp whenever it got dark on us. Once we passed a house and I got some fire coals from them and we made a fire and cooked some hot supper. The next morning I took some good live coals and put them in a pan and covered them up good with ashes and we had some to start a fire to cook dinner, and I done the same thing again to cook our supper but that night I was so tired that I never woke up to take care of the fire and next morning there were no coals left. We couldn't make any breakfast. We just gave what was left of supper to the kids and got on our way."

(Continued on page 68)

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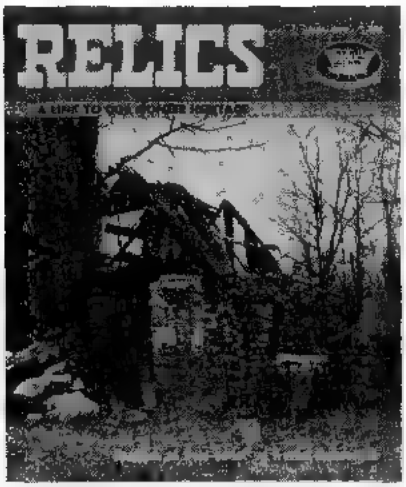

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The Courage of Charlotte Martin

(Continued from page 66)

Charlotte told Grandpa, "We were going to stop at the Elkhorn Tavern but, as you know, there are a lot of soldiers up there so we just drove right on by. I hated to drive the oxen in front of all those men but Ma said to just look straight ahead and keep driving so that's what I done.

"Pretty soon we came to a big battlefield where men had fought a great battle, looked like. The trees were all shot to pieces, just dead limbs hanging everywhere, and even big trees had been shot clear down. I had to get off the wagon and take the chopping ax to a lot of them before we could go on. It took so long to get even a short way that we had to stay all night on the battlefield. There were graves where a lot of men had been buried up there and I never wanted the little kids to see them so I made them keep the wagon sheet down, even though it was pretty hot inside.

"Buzzards were swooping down and rising up again, over and over in great big circling swarms. I watched them dive down into the dead trees and then rise up again, but they never seemed to light on the ground. I guess, or at least it seemed to me, that they had eaten there so long they just couldn't believe there was no more food there. By the looks of the bones of horses everywhere it must have been awful. There was a funny smell everywhere and the kids kept saying, 'What is that?' Me and Ma never said anything. I just kept cracking the whip and driving the oxen and if I could have hurried I would have—but you can't hurry oxen."

The Martin family rested up for three or four days at Grandpa's and when they were ready to pull out, Grandpa tried to give them a ham and some corn meal but Charlotte looked him in the eye and said, "We can't afford to buy nothing." Grandpa insisted but Charlotte declared they would not take anything without paying for it.

That night by the light of a big full moon Grandpa's family and the Martin family sat far into the night picking the seeds from cotton that Grandma would spin and weave into cloth. That was the way Charlotte Martin paid for the ham and corn meal. Grandpa often declared that "by late bedtime—nine-thirty or maybe even ten o'clock—there were three big washtubs of lint ready to spin."

The Martin family settled temporarily in an abandoned one-room log schoolhouse not far from Grandpa's near the old Military Road that ran from Springfield, Missouri to Fort Smith, Arkansas, and there Mr. Martin joined his family. Charlotte's brother was killed in the war and so was the favorite uncle.

Charlotte Martin later married and made her home in Benton County. Her memoirs are preserved by the historical society there. At the age of ninety-four, on Christmas Day 1939, Charlotte Martin Clem died. To me she was always the epitome of a pioneer woman. Courage was learned early and became her way of life.

Lion Mountain Silver Camps

(Continued from page 31)

His physical agony brought him little sympathy. How the people of Glendale had felt about Davidson and Jessrang while the two lived among them is not known, but as soon as it was learned that the one had disappeared and the other was accused of his murder, then much was made of what a fine man Davidson had been, how well liked by everyone, while the scoundrel Jessrang had not a redeeming quality.

There were those, with great imagination, who reconstructed the scene of the murder, giving full treatment to all the horrible details. Jessrang was pictured coming up behind Davidson, delivering a blow on the head, then robbing the miner of "his few pitiful dollars." Suddenly fearing punishment, Jessrang thought of the fire which he had great difficulty in starting with the wet wood, but finally succeeding in building it into a big brush fire. He threw Davidson's body into the flames then undoubtedly stood warming his hands while his companion burned.

There were no witnesses to what had happened; the cause of death of the victim was not established; the charred bones found in the ashes could scarcely have been positively identified as those of Davidson. At no time did Jessrang make any admission of guilt. Yet the story of the murder was told and retold in graphic manner and spread with the usual rapidity of the sordid and sensational. With each telling, probably with choice bits added, feeling against Jessrang grew. Wherever men gathered, or the street, in stores, or saloons it was the topic of conversation. Even men who had known neither Jessrang nor Davidson were incensed as "the facts of the brutal murder became known to them" and were anxious to see "justice" done.

IN early March someone, said to have come from Glendale, brought a sack containing some charred bones, reported

"Mr. Remington would like you to move a little to the left."

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ly those gathered from the ashes beside the trail, and put them on display in a Dillon saloon. According to one news item in a local paper, inside an hour every male citizen in Dillon had visited the saloon and had viewed the display. That display was all that was needed to blow off the top of the mountain of hate that had been accumulating for two months. It was a call for action.

Horses must have been saddled and ready to carry the news of the latest development in the gruesome drama, for in a remarkably short time, considering the distances to be traveled, horsemen came riding in from all directions, determined not to miss out on the next act.

Most people got up and went to bed early. Nine o'clock was the usual bedtime, but at nine o'clock in Dillon on the night of March 6, 1883, few except children had any thought of sleep. Townsmen were out on the streets or in the saloons mingling with those who had ridden in from outlying districts. They strode about, gathered in groups, drank, talked in more or less guarded tones, gestured meaningfully and drank some more, but according to one witness, "not more than they could handle." Tension mounted rapidly, fast reaching the point where it could not be contained; everyone could feel it. The climax was near.

A few, who managed to hold on to their sanity whatever their emotions, tried to counsel against violence. The date for trial had been set, justice would be meted out in accordance with the law. But letting the law take its course was not a popular theme that night. Those who advocated it were ignored or brushed aside.

A high board fence surrounded the jail. Shortly before midnight, about twenty-five men scrambled over the fence (no effort was made to stop them) and filed into the room where Under-sheriff Mickus, the only guard, was presumably asleep in bed.

Afterwards Mickus explained that he opened his eyes and "saw the formidable muzzles of a dozen good-sized pistols pointed at my head." His protests were naturally ignored. He was disarmed and the keys to the cells taken.

Leaving two men with pistols to guard Mickus, the others went to Jessrang's cell, dragged him from his bunk, tied one end of a rope around his neck and threw the other end over an iron rod above the door. Then without giving the man a moment for prayer or farewell message, a moment always granted by the Vigilantes who had rid the area of road agents twenty years before, Jessrang was swung clear of the floor. When the hangmen were sure that the victim was dead, they left as they had come. Dillon's first lynching had taken place.

Jessrang was cut down and it is claimed that a thrifty rancher latched onto the hang rope, saying he could use it to tie up his horse.

Coroner Charles Hirshman called a jury the next day to investigate the hanging. Nothing of substance came of the inquest. No arrests were made, or as one report explained, "None of those who took part in the affair were ever legally identified." Little criticism was made of the lynching, the general feeling being that the county was saved the expense of a trial which would have resulted in Jessrang's being hanged anyhow.

After the frenzy had subsided and some sort of sanity had been restored, there were those who openly wondered why those "not legally identified" were all or nearly all from nearby or from the ranches to the south, while few, if any, were from Glendale to the north. Wasn't it at Glendale where Davidson had so many friends and Jessrang was so roundly hated?

There must have been other questions, too, such as why there was only one guard at the jail that night and that one asleep, when the whole town knew that violence was at hand. Whatever questions came to mind and however they were answered or unanswered, there were those who looked over their shoulders and didn't like what they saw. Beaverhead County had subsequent murders but Dillon never staged a second lynching.

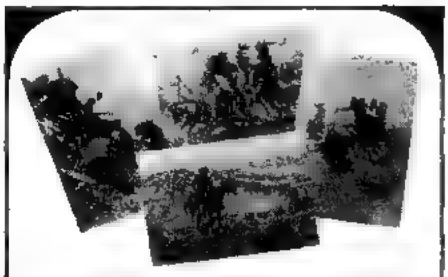
AT the time of the Davidson-Jessrang incident, Glendale and Hecla were in their peak years of prosperity. The mines which formerly had been owned by Noah Armstrong were pouring forth millions in silver and considerable in other metals, into the economy of Montana, yet for some reason the towns of Lion Mountain never became as well known as Granite and Elkhorn, two other great mining districts of the same era.

In 1890 the Glendale post office was making $10 per day. That is a small figure today, but at that time third-class post offices made only the stamps they cancelled. First-class postage was two cents per ounce, postcards one cent, packages in proportion to the distance carried. Except at Christmas few packages were sent. It took 500 letters to cancel out $10. Then, too, $10 in the 1890s had a different value from today's. Miners' wages were $3.00 and $2.50 for ten hours of work. At $10 per day the Glendale postmaster would have been able to become "a man of means."

When silver took the big slump in 1892, followed by the panic of 1893, some of the Hecla mines closed down and many a deserted cabin dotted the mountainsides, though a few operations carried on well into the present century.

Even after all the big mines shut down, Glendale didn't quite give up. During the 1930s the big slag dump below the smelter was worked over by a then-new process, and considerable silver that had been lost in smelting was regained.

After the slag dump was gone, however, there was little left to keep anyone in Glendale. Houses were torn down and hauled away. For a number of years the Knippenberg mansion stood lonely and proud after almost all of the other buildings were gone. Finally, it, too, met the fate of all the others. Some traces of the retaining wall show where the grand old house once stood. Aside from that, a few crumbling brick walls and the big red smokestack of the old smelter are all that is left to mark the site of that classy little city called Glendale.



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Sky's The Limit?

(Continued from page 4)

IMPORTANT! We are making an experiment in raising our prices. In short, we are going to hold subscription price the same and raise our newsstand price to 60¢ a copy. As you possibly know, newsstand sales have been poor for years and all magazines not sold are destroyed. I wish I could figure out some way for these copies to go to veterans hospitals, retirement homes, etc. Since we don't have any copies destroyed (other than by the post office!) through subscriptions but thousands through the newsstand distribution, that's why I hope we can afford to keep subscribers' copies at the old price.

Before signing off, let me say that we have had some *beautiful* letters from readers of the old Hunter's *Frontier Times*. Notice the ad on page 51. Pretty soon we will play out of those back copies and it seems everybody wants to start with Volume 1, Number 1. I can say this because the magazine was edited and published by someone else—J. Marvin Hunter—IT IS FANTASTIC! Truly, it is the only one of its kind on earth. If inflation hasn't drained your pockets, get started with that first issue. We receive terrific mail about it. Here's part of just one letter: "It is a treasure to us. We do not have *one issue* for sale or to give away. All will go to our grandchildren as collectors items and for their historical education.—Mr. & Mrs. L. R. Cort, Sr., R. R. 1, Nelson, Missouri 65347."

See you later, hear?—Hosstail

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 59)

Beckworth of South Carolina and Georgia. Would be happy to hear from other Beckworths, as the name isn't a common one—we may connect.

Does anyone have Joel Clark data? He was born about 1810 in South Carolina and lived in Alabama; then settled in Pike County, Arkansas in the 1840s until early 1860s. He died there or in service during the Civil War. Any data on him or his wife Marley would be appreciated.—Hazel Beckworth Clark, 601 N. Hazel Street, Pampa, Texas 79065

Gibbens

On February 27, 1864 Charles Augustus Gibbens while serving with the Union Army wrote a letter to his sister from Camp Devalls in Bluff, Arkansas in which he said: "You want to no how Bentley Owen was geting I heard from him afew days ago a go he is at little rock he is not well yet and it is thought that he will never get able for the service again"

The rest of the story about C. A. Gibbens is that Bentley Owen did in fact recover and return home to Webster County, Missouri. Mr. Owen allegedly related the story to the family that one morning in August 1864 a group of Union soldiers including himself and Gibbens were eating breakfast when Rebels attacked their camp. Gibbens ran for his horse but was shot down while trying to mount. Owen took Gibbens' horse and rode off. Upon returning to camp, Gibbens was found dead where he fell.

Additional information I have received comes from an elderly relative who says it was not Bentley Owen who returned home with the story of Gibbens' death but was Frank Minor instead. Also, from the National Archives I received the following information: Charles A. Gibbens enlisted as a private of Captain W. J. Bodenhamer's Company E, 8th Regiment of Missouri Voluntary Cavalry. He was killed in battle at Ashley Station, Arkansas on August 24, 1864. Conflicting information gives him as being in Company G under Captain Garrison and having been killed at Jones Station, Arkansas on August 24, 1864.

I am attempting to find some background information on either of these battles and what happened to the casualties afterwards. Gibbens' place of burial is still a mystery. Some of our family believe he may have been killed in Georgia and not Arkansas. Any information concerning C. A. Gibbens' military career, place of burial, etc. will be greatly appreciated.—James E. Baker, 10 S. 145th Street, Bowling Green, Missouri 63334

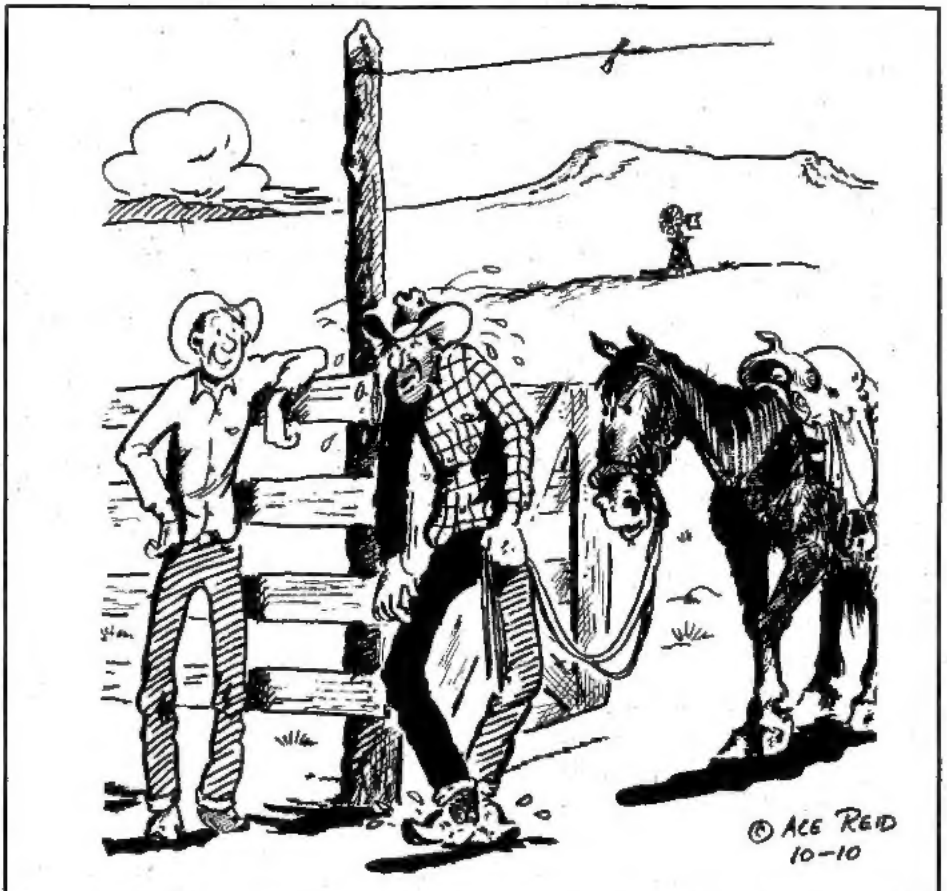
Doggett

Am trying to contact the descendants of Ebenezer Miller Doggett and his brother E. (Enoch) M. Doggett. Between 1840 and 1850 they moved to the Ft. Worth-Dallas, Texas area. Also would like to hear from anyone connected to Isaac and Velma Waterhouse who came to Texas between 1840 and 1850.—Mrs. M. Z. Stout, 1922 E. Jackson, Harlingen, Texas 78550

David

I would like to hear from anyone having known Jack or Andrew David. Both were brothers of my grandfather Henry David. All were born in Russia. Andrew David was also my godfather. He was very wealthy and I believe lived somewhere in California. He married a young eighteen-year-old girl when he was about forty-seven. They had two little girls. He died on his fiftieth birthday. Several years later his wife and two children drowned in a big flood. I do not know too much about Jack David. He may have had a family. Some of his descendants may be living. He lived in the States, but what part of the country I do not know.

Anyone knowing anything about these two brothers, I would sure appreciate hearing from them.—Marie Stone, Box 376, Lilloet, B. C., Canada



"I bet I've broke him from buckin' me off! I jist made him walk the last six miles home!"

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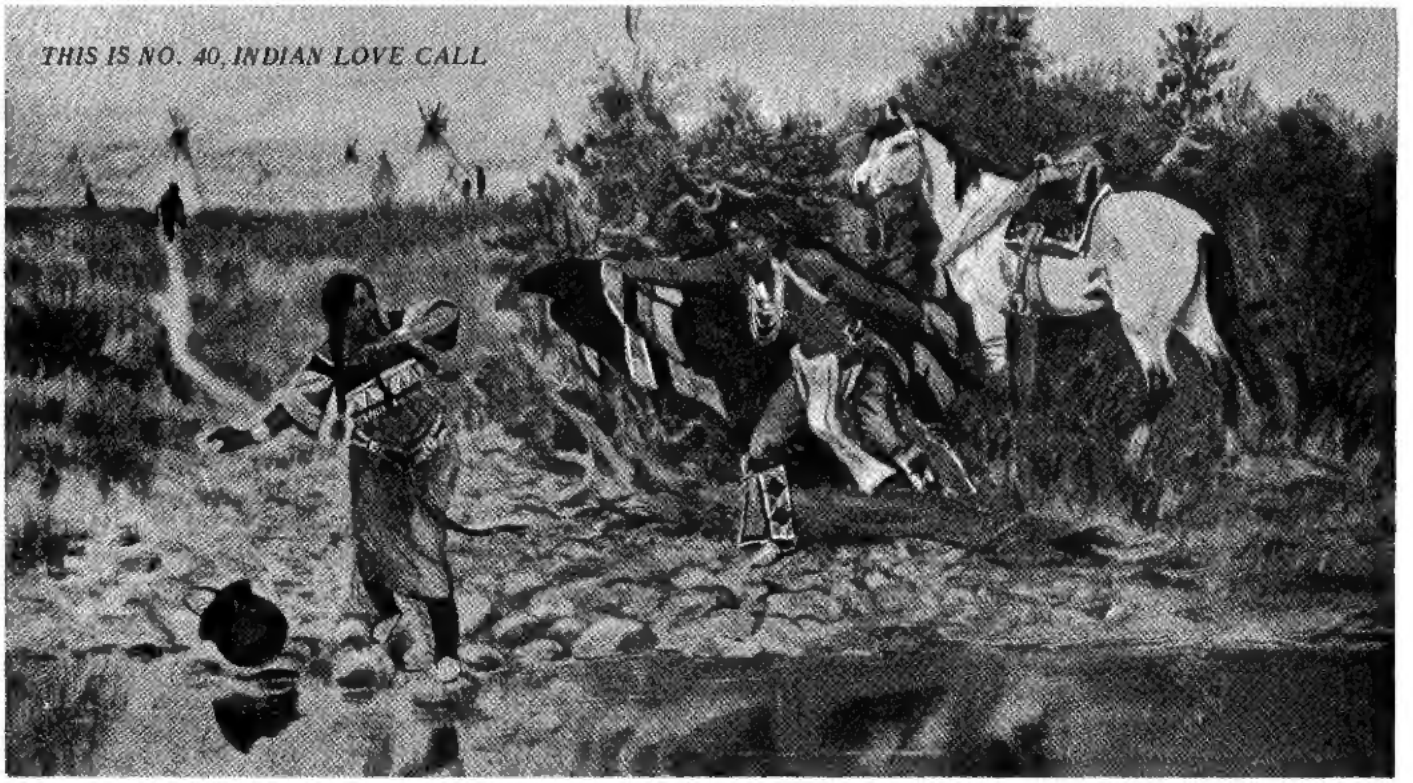

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—Western Warriors
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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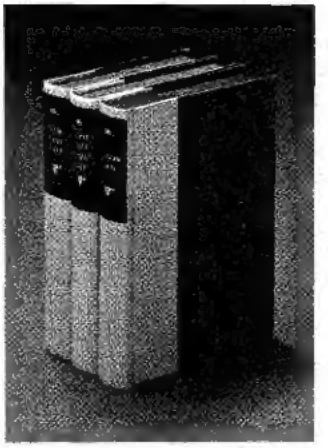

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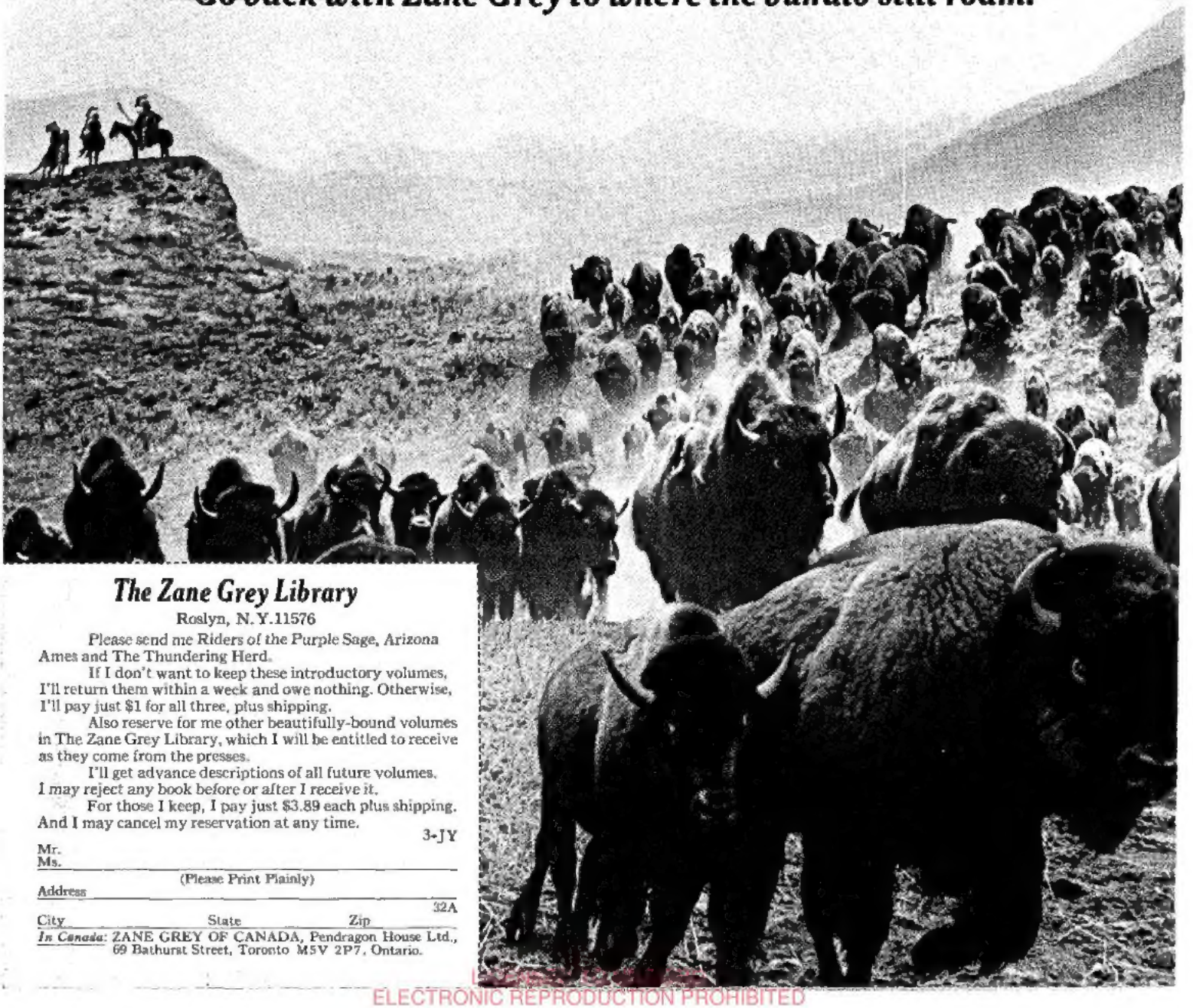

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